

NEW STATESMAN

Thorpe's acquittal
the juror's tale

**Gets to the parts
other beers
can't reach**



THE GREAT LAGER FIDDLE

Carter gets the Nixon bug/ Tory industrial fantasies

Claire Herschfeld: women under communism

David Caute: authors' rights/ Phillip Whitehead: Oilgate

Julian Barnes on the moon missions

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Battle of Whitehall: Mandarins 1, Cabinet 0

'DEAR ESTABLISHMENT OFFICER', writes Mr Michael Wilding of the Civil Service Department – in a highly-confidential circular, *Consultation over Civil Service Reductions*, which was passed to the NEW STATESMAN and other newspapers this week – 'each Minister has been asked to identify options for savings amounting to 10%, 15% and 20%' in departmental manpower.

Mr Wilding's paper is concerned to suggest means by which the Civil Service unions may be persuaded to cooperate in the demolition of considerable sections of their membership's employment. 'Consultation' is of course used here in the special Whitehall sense, in which it bears the opposite of its normal meaning: on 'particularly sensitive measures', writes Mr Wilding, the government

would not want discussion with the staff side before decision.

Nor is this the only respect in which the document bears traces of our national bureaucracy's special way of doing business – referred to in these pages last week. 'Anything and everything' may be considered, but the question of timing is sacrosanct:

... the timetable was the end of July for departmental returns, September for Ministerial discussion, and 1 April 1982 for the reductions. (our italics)

This suggests that cries of glee this week by the Tories' friends in the tabloids (HAWKS

WIN AT NO. 10) may be somewhat premature. And indeed no-one will know until autumn just how the government's rather desperate attempts to justify its public-spending promises will fare – although, as Christopher Hird shows in his analysis of nationalised-industry finance (page 117) they are already resorting to 'creative accounting' of the kind pioneered by the fringe-banking industry.

To be sure, axes wielded with enough desperate venom will eventually do some damage, and when the public begins to realise that something has begun to go wrong with its essential services, we can expect a good deal of rhubarb about 'efficiency' and 'increased productivity' deriving from Mrs Thatcher's manoeuvres. At that point, it will be useful to recall one crucial paragraph from Mr Wilding's circular, which makes it quite clear that that pass, if it was ever meant to be held, has already been comprehensively sold. The unions have already been assured that what is in prospect is

... genuinely an exercise to reduce functions and not to reduce staff while leaving functions intact.

Very possibly, the functions of the Civil Service and the public sector generally could be performed with greater efficiency. But the reaction of Mr Wilding and his colleagues proves once again that wild axemanship is not the way to bring such improvements about.

Will the DPP kindly explain himself?

THE PROSECUTOR, understandably, is not a popular figure on the libertarian Left (it was the Other Left which venerated Prosecutor Vyshinsky). But a society lacking the skill and judgment to deal effectively with corruptions must condemn itself to cynicism and decay. On page 120, returning to the Thorpe trial, we print the results of an interview with one of the jurors, which seem to confirm what a number of lawyers suspected: namely, that although there was considerable evidence of considerable wrong doing, the Crown's charge of conspiracy to murder was gravely misconceived. The custom of shrouding jury decisions in elaborate mystery helps to ensure that the blunders of the Director of Public Prosecutions are rarely brought home to him and his staff: it is time to start blowing a little of this mystery away. During the last twelve months, the DPP has consumed large public resources in (a) bringing an 'oppressive' and properly abortive case against two young journalists and an ex-soldier, and (b) failing

wholly to attach any penalty to a group of men who mounted an extremely nasty political conspiracy (one of whom proposes to employ his newly-guaranteed liberty to compile a book boasting about his criminal exploits). The real point is not the further pursuit of Mr Jeremy Thorpe – presumably we have heard the last of sentimental suggestions about his public rehabilitation – but the evidence which suggests that our first-eleven law-enforcers, while perfectly competent at bullying small-time working-class villains, are apt to collapse in a welter of own-goals when faced with any serious and determined opposition. Even if the political will were to be discovered, does anyone who has studied recent form at the Old Bailey imagine that our present public prosecutors could make any impact on the corporate corruption analysed in the Bingham Report, and in Martin Bailey's *Oilgate* (reviewed on page 136)?

1 Mr Justice Mars-Jones' description.

NOTES

Will their Lordships rescue shipworkers?

Rob Rohrer writes: A flurry of recent High Court actions aimed at undermining a trade union's right to boycott flag of convenience ships is due to be resolved in the House of Lords this week. At stake is the highly effective guerrilla campaign against these ships by the International Transport Workers Federation based in London. Last year the ITF, representing 330 member unions, ran 250 sporadic boycotts and forced shipowners to hand over £5 million in back pay to seamen.

Now the shipowners want the Law Lords to

outlaw such blackings, claiming that they are purely political in nature and therefore beyond the immunity from damages offered in genuine trade disputes by the 1974 Trade Union and Labour Relations Act. They also want their Lordships to rule that no boycott can be mounted if it is against the wishes of a ship's crew.

The ship at the centre of the dispute is currently steaming towards Antwerp and more trouble (from alerted Belgian dockers). The MV *Nawala*, a 123,000 ton bulk carrier flying the British flag, is registered in Hong Kong with a Chinese crew on low wages (their 300 dollars a month average is roughly half the ITF rate). The Hong Kong 'owners', NWL Ltd, conceal the ship's true owners in

Steadman's America



ARTIST'S NOTE: IF I'VE HEARD IT ONCE
I'VE HEARD IT A HUNDRED TIMES—
'GEE! THAT IRON LADY OF YOURS IS
SOME WOMAN—POTTIN' YOUR COUNTRY BACK
IN SHAPE AND STUFF LIKE THAT—
GIVIN' THE LITTLE MAN A BREAK—
SHOWIN' THEM UNION GUYS WHERE TO
GET OFF—KINDA LIKE WORLD
WAR II, HUH?

THE SUPPOSITION BEGGED
THE DRAWING!!!

THE BRINK.

Ralph STEADMAN nonplussed
in California 10.7.79

NOTES

Sweden. Until last year the ship, under another name, flew the Norwegian flag. Then it adopted its new guise, laying off the highly-paid Norwegian crew and replacing them with 32 Chinese flown in from Hong Kong. Unusually, the British flag has become the flag of convenience.

In June the *Nawala* arrived from Australia at British Steel's Redcar ore berth. But the mere possibility of ITF action over the ship led British Steel to turn her away for fear a blockade would trap the *Nawala* in the only berth. Since then the *Nawala* owners have trooped through the courts seeking injunctions to ward off the threatened boycotts.

The first decision came from Mr Justice Donaldson (of industrial relations fame) who declared on 19 June: 'I am satisfied that this is not a trade dispute.' He went on: 'It is as clear as clear can be that the ITF addressed their attention to this ship because it is a Hong Kong registered ship with European beneficial owners. Disapproval of rates of pay is incidental to the flag. There has been no evidence that the crew is dissatisfied. If I may say so there is "Peace in the Factory".'

It was a startling decision, flying in the face of overwhelming evidence that in ITF boycotts pay is hardly incidental. Donaldson's ruling, however, was overturned by the Appeal Court who reminded him of another judge's comments in a previous blacking case: 'A trade union or federation of unions can pick a quarrel in a factory at peace or a contented ship without losing the statutory protection.' The Court ruled that the ITF dispute over the *Nawala* was a trade dispute. Faced with further action in Norway NWL returned to the courts in late June for a further injunction and suffered another defeat. To the surprise of some trade unionists the ITF argument was eventually supported by Lord Denning.

If the Lords now upset the Court of Appeal's decision on the ITF's trade dispute the flag of

convenience fleets will count the bonanza in millions, while thousands of already impoverished and exploited seamen from the developing nations will count the cost in even smaller wage packets.

Songs and smiles in East Jerusalem

Ian Black writes from Jerusalem: Hundreds of delegates to the 'First Palestinian Social Congress' in East Jerusalem concluded a three-day meeting last Sunday on a stridently political note that had little to do with the welfare problems that they ostensibly gathered to discuss. Intelligently playing on the fact that East Jerusalem is now part of the 'eternal capital' of the State of Israel, and – according to governments from 1967 to the present day – quite distinct from the adjoining West Bank, a largely adult and middle-class audience listened attentively as the area's social problems were explained in terms of the Israeli occupation.

Clearly annoyed by the meeting, held in a hall dominated by an abstract map of a distinctly mandatory-looking Palestine, the Israeli authorities were nevertheless virtually powerless to prevent it. West Bank mayors, warned in advance not to make any political statements, sat smiling and impassive as children in folk costume sang old PLO favourites like 'We Will Redeem You in Blood and Fire, O Palestine' or 'Bullets Create Freedom'.

As far as the Israelis were concerned, the gathering's message was blunted by the fact that it was basically a pro-Jordanian do, heavily financed by Amman and with former Hashemite officials – the *haute bourgeoisie* of the West Bank and East Jerusalem – paying seigneurial lip service to the needs of the less privileged. But less sterling figures, such as Bassam Shkaaka, the volatile mayor of Nablus, also came along, and the congress's political resolutions called, among other things, for the

establishment of an independent Palestinian state under the PLO. Bearing in mind that – according to informed sources here – only three million dollars out of the 150 million dollars promised at last November's Baghdad summit to boost the 'steadfastness' of the occupied has actually arrived, one of the congress's messages was clearly that God – or someone – helps those who help themselves.

Basques win autonomy

Julie Flint writes from Madrid: Forty-three years to the day after Franco rose against the Republic, an all-party Parliamentary Commission has inked a Basque autonomy statute that looked impossible only a month ago when the government, with its customary lack of skill in handling the Basque issue, presented objections to 43 of the draft's 46 articles.

Although much of the new statute is vague and still open to interpretation, it is generally superior to the short-lived 1936 statute which empowered the Madrid government to act unilaterally to suspend autonomy. Although the new statute gives the Spanish police the right to intervene in the Basque country in case of 'special urgency', it increases the Basques' exclusive powers from 18 to 35, restores their right to levy their own taxes, permits Navarre to join the Basque club and establishes independent education and television – despite Madrid's fears that these will become breeding grounds for independence.

Agreement on the statute, which now goes to referendum in the Basque provinces, has driven a wedge through the guerrilla organisation ETA, with the intransigent military wing rejecting it as 'defending pro-capitalist interests' and the more moderate politico-military wing welcoming it as a good first step to independence. Unless the majority of ETA's many Basque supporters lean with the poli-milis, Basque v. Basque could replace Basque v. Spaniard.

Penal reform takes two steps backwards

Brian Wilson writes: It has been a bad two weeks for the Special Unit at Barlinnie Prison, and therefore a bad two weeks for the cause of prison reform in this country. The Unit, which presently houses six long-term prisoners with violent records, continues to have remarkable success in rehabilitating the men who pass through it; but its very success as a symbol of liberal reform has brought it into regular conflict with penal authority.

A Scottish Office working party recommended the establishment of the Unit in the late sixties, in response to the problem of coping with murderers who would otherwise have been consigned to the gallows. A member of that working party, and subsequently senior nursing officer at the Special Unit, was Ken Murray. As the Unit has grown in stature his views on what goes on inside our prisons have gained an ever wider and more respectful audience. Last week Mr Murray became the first officer to be transferred away from the Unit against his will. He lodged an appeal against his transfer – to a low-security prison for short-term first offenders – at 10 am last Friday and had the negative reply the following afternoon, supposedly after 'thorough consideration'.

Among the many pleas for him to be allowed to stay in the Unit was one from its best-known inmate, Jimmy Boyle. Putting his own prospects of parole at risk, he smuggled out a letter to the press testifying to the worth of Mr Murray's work. Since government ministers do not like to be seen to succumb to the advice of convicted murderers, the initiative was unlikely to be of much practical help.

Senior civil servants in the Scottish Prisons Department have had little time for the Special Unit and even less for Mr Murray's penchant for expressing his views in public. They quickly accepted the opportunity presented by a change of government to initiate the transfer, and once it became a public issue Scottish Office ministers were obliged to back the move. They must, however, have welcomed a publicity diversion provided by the *Daily Record*, IPC's Scottish tabloid, which devoted its entire front page last Tuesday to a story headed: AGAIN – SEX PROBE AT SPECIAL UNIT. Careful reading of the piece revealed that its suggestions of drink and prostitutes in the Unit were based on allegations which had already been given to the Scottish Office – which decided there was no basis for them to be investigated. But the damage had been done. Once again the Unit had been held up to the public as a freak establishment full of strange goings-on. Clearly, some sections of the Scottish media will never come to terms with the unfamiliar concept of murderers changing their ways in response to humane treatment.

The witness who died

Tana de Zulueta writes: from Rome: On the night of 11 July the Milan lawyer Giorgio Ambrosoli was shot dead by three mysterious killers as he parked his car outside his home. Ambrosoli's only claim to notoriety was his role as liquidator of the Sicilian financier Michele Sindona's Banca Privata Italiana, following a financial crash which in 1974 shook the entire Italian financial world and even lost the Vatican several million pounds. Before fleeing into golden exile in the Hotel Pierre of New York, Sindona left behind a gap of £125 million in the account books of his Italian bank.

Ambrosoli's murder should have passed unobserved. It was high summer, most Milanese were already by the seaside, and the Italian political parties were still locked in the longest government crisis since the war. Only the Radical Party broke the pact of silence by proposing a parliamentary enquiry into the Sindona affair. This week the Republicans, Communists and 'Independent Left' followed suit.

The Republican proposal was presented by Giorgio La Malfa whose father had vetoed Sin-



dona's last desperate attempt to bail himself out. The salvage hinged on a brand new bank, the 'Finambro', with the brunt of the financial burden borne by the Italian government. Such was the political pressure in favour of Sindona that as Minister of the Treasury La Malfa could only stop the project by twisting the rules and not summoning the interministerial committee which should have voted on the case.

Only this month the entire judiciary dossier prepared by the Milan magistrate Guido Viola in order to obtain the extradition of Sindona was lost among the papers of the Rome Ministries of Justice and Foreign Affairs. The US judge has therefore had to file the request – at least for the time being.

Ambrosoli was to have been a key witness in Sindona's US trial for fraudulent bankruptcy following the collapse of the 'Franklin Bank'. This year Ambrosoli had also been threatened for vetoing a proposal for salvage of Sindona's Italian empire – again with public funds. The Prime Minister, Gialio Andreotti, had interceded with the Bank of Italy in favour of the plan. Meanwhile a man with 'an Italo-American accent' kept threatening Ambrosoli. On one occasion the phone rang while Sindona's lawyer was in the room. 'It's all being taped for the magistracy,' said Ambrosoli. The next day the phone rang: 'So you're taping? You son of a ...'

From that day Sindona was also suspected by the Italian judiciary of 'threatening a public official', and having furthermore taken advantage of 'the intimidatory power of secret organisations'. The allusion to the Mafia is unmistakable. Meanwhile in the Metropolitan Correctional Center of Manhattan Sindona's one-time right-hand man, Carlo Bordoni, is demanding extra police protection. He claims to have been repeatedly threatened. Bordoni is now the principal witness against Sindona at his forthcoming trial in New York.

Prior's plan: your baby or your job

Anna Coote writes: More than two million working women may lose their statutory right to paid maternity leave if the government goes ahead with plans to exempt small businesses from provisions of the Employment Protection Act. What began as a vague threat began to look like a real possibility last week when Labour MP Oonagh McDonald asked the Employment Secretary whether he would 'give a categorical assurance to the House that he will neither reduce nor abolish the maternity leave provisions in the Employment Protection Act'. James Prior's reply made it clear that he would give no such guarantee – on the contrary:

The Hon. Lady should wait until we produce our proposals for changes in the Employment Protection Act. I should have thought that the legislation was recognised by many employers and indeed trade unionists to be one of the greatest deterrents to full employment.

The tone of his reply suggests that he may be preparing to cut back the maternity rights of *all* working women. However, it is more likely that he will concentrate on small businesses, and that he has yet to decide whether to exempt those with less than 100 employees, or those with less than 200. Even if he takes the milder option, many thousands of workplaces will be affected – especially offices and shops – where the majority of employees are female. It has been estimated that there are one and a quarter million small firms (ie of a size equivalent to a manufacturing concern with 200 workers or less), employing a total of six million, which amounts to 25 per cent of the workforce.

At present, the law protects women who have worked for two years or more in a firm with at least six employees, by giving them six weeks' paid leave and the right to return to work 29 weeks after the birth. Without that protection, women can effectively be sacked as soon as they leave to have babies – which suggests that when Prior indicates his concern not to deter 'full employment', he means that he intends to promote the employment of men at the expense of women.

Docks closure for 1983?

Christopher Hird and Denis McShane write: By the end of this week the Port of London Authority expects to hear that the government has endorsed its short-term plan, involving over 1,000 redundancies (a seventh of the workforce), so that it can stagger on a bit longer until it receives approval for its four-year corporate plan, probably in the autumn. This plan is a thinly disguised attempt to get rid of the PLA's Upper Docks – near the centre of London – the losses of which have brought the PLA to the brink of bankruptcy. These losses are the result of the switch to container ships (which use the PLA's down-river docks at Tilbury); the failure of the PLA to find other business for the Upper Docks; and the success of the dockers over the years in resisting the redundancies and closure wanted by the PLA.

Despite the profits made by Tilbury, the PLA is deep in debt and desperately needs its capital reorganising. Last year, it asked merchant bankers Lazards for their advice – a task bristling with potential conflicts of interest as Lazards are the leaders of a syndicate of bankers which have lent the PLA £15 million.

For the long-term, Lazards suggested that the PLA hand the Upper Docks across to the government in exchange for a cancellation of most of its £60 million worth of debt. The PLA would then run the docks on an agency basis, with the government meeting all of the losses and investment spending. The PLA would, however, have no responsibility for the Upper Docks after 1983. This scheme would certainly mean the end of the Upper Docks as they would have no chance whatsoever of surviving without the services of the PLA's marketing department.

In their Corporate Plan the PLA has described this scheme more briefly, and more delicately:

One possibility would be to exchange the PLA's government debt for the freehold of the surplus dockland for which the PLA has no current or prospective use,

... and then bumbles on about the difficulty of saving more until it has had talks with the government.

Closing the docks would be disastrous, as a recently published survey of 100 firms in the area shows. Half of these firms used the docks and three quarters of the transport firms handled goods that arrived in the Upper Docks. Many firms said they would move from the area or slim their workforce if the docks closed. Two thirds employ East Enders as their manual workers and the report reckons that the closure of the docks would have the knock-on effect of losing another 16,000 jobs in the area.

* *Docks Connection*, Joint Docklands Action Group, 2 Cable Street, E1, £4.50.

Gas: the Tories' profitable problem

THOSE WHO BELIEVE that the main purpose of a nationalised industry is to serve the consumer received a few nasty shocks this week. The financial results from British Gas, the Electricity Council and British Airways showed, and the imminent results from the Post Office will confirm, that the major purpose of the profitable industries is to finance the government. Similar intentions, rather than industrial well-being, inspire the Tories' proposals to sell off bits of British Airways and British Aerospace. But in these two cases, many of the savings claimed are illusory.

Some newspapers had a field day with the British Gas results – ANGER AT £1 MILLION PROFIT A DAY, for example – but in fact, British Gas's financial surplus was actually £32m. lower in 1978/79 than in the year before. The major reason is that previous years' profits at British Gas have been depressed by massive write-offs of old gas plant and the costs of converting to North Sea gas. These have now come to an end and British Gas have used the saving to hold down prices, despite rising costs. However, the results were still much better than British Gas expected and the major beneficiary will be the British government.

Last April British Gas agreed to repay the government £173 million from their surplus of £470 million in 1978/79. In the event they have made a surplus of £743 million and, with the aid of borrowing overseas and increasing their short-term debt, managed to repay the government £606 million. In total, over the last four years, British Gas has repaid over £1,706 million, of which about £1,200 million was more than forecast. This year they will pay off all their remaining debt and also deposit at least £300 million with the government. This is based on their forecast of a financial surplus of £761 million – a forecast made before the full extent of oil price increases, and the effect they have had on demand for gas, was known. It would be remarkable if British Gas did not beat this forecast with ease.

In theory this money is being put aside for investment. But it is clear for British Gas's investment plans that they won't need any of it until at least 1984, when it could amount to well over £1,000 million. It has not yet been agreed what interest rate will be paid under this scheme, which British Gas themselves suggested to the government.

This absolutely unparalleled success is not the result of British Gas abusing its monopoly position and overpricing. As other energy industries complain, and the Price Commission this month concurred, it is the result of a plentiful supply of cheap North Sea gas. Despite attacks and pressure from virtually every source, until now Sir Denis Rooke has been most unwilling to increase gas prices.

But in the last few months he has clearly undergone some kind of conversion because now he is bemoaning the fact that the government prevented him from increasing the price of domestic gas at the time of the budget and, in future, wants the price to rise by more than the rate of inflation. This is indeed odd behaviour from a Tory government committed to allowing the price mechanism to ration oil but presumably it was part of their attempt

MPs and unions angered by plan to hive off state holding in airline

British Airways sale to save £1,000 M

to hold down the Retail Price Index when they increased VAT.

The reason for Sir Denis's change of heart is that he is under considerable pressure from his industrial and commercial customers who have seen their price advantage over domestic consumers eaten away in recent years. In 1972/3 they paid an average of 5.7p a therm, compared with a domestic consumer's average of 11.2p a therm. Last year the figures were 14.7p and 18.2p. With non-domestic customers' prices tied to the price of oil, and with a 21 per cent increase planned for September, for many of them their price advantage has disappeared. As Sir Denis said, these customers do not think it right that they are paying more than domestic customers, who use less, so the domestic price must go up.

When this happens Sir Denis may find that the industrial customers have invented other arguments to justify their pleas for cheap gas and that domestic customers don't take kindly to paying for it. In the past British Gas have always justified the very low prices on some of their industrial contracts on the grounds that such customers provided the volume of demand to meet the fixed costs of part of their operations. By the same token they could argue today that the domestic market as a whole can be regarded as captive as it does not have the flexibility to move from gas to oil and back at short notice. The revenue it produces could thus be seen as meeting the fixed costs of the business.

Such suggestions do not, however, meet with the approval of Sir Denis who also dismisses as 'stupid' the suggestion that the large surplus of his corporation might be used to take gas to rural areas which have to rely on expensive electricity. Such a decision would mean that much of the money spent on rural electrification would have been wasted and it is, he insists, the worst thing in the world to mix up business and social services. Although it would certainly be foolish for British Gas to squander billions on unproductive enterprise, such an attitude seems to have been taken to excess at British Gas.

There has been fantastic – and successful – opposition to the suggestion by the National Gas Consumers Council that the corporation should abandon the regional differences in tariff. These are hard to justify as they are the legacy of the days when gas was made from coal and areas on top of coal pits could produce gas more cheaply. British Gas have also resisted – again successfully – pressure to abandon the much higher prices paid by people with slot meters, despite the overwhelming evidence that these are the poorer customers and the cost would be trivial in relation to British Gas's overall profitability.

THE POST OFFICE and the Electricity Council's finances fall some way short of British Gas's but, nonetheless, show a slavish

commitment to helping out the government's borrowing requirement. Latest reports show that both concerns have increased their surpluses significantly in recent years so that now they are able to repay some of their debts to the government: in the year to next March the Electricity Council will repay £76 million and the Post Office £110 million. In addition they will finance all of their investment – over £2,000 million – from their own resources. For companies with big investment programmes this is remarkable: no comparable company in the private sector would have to meet such a financial discipline. It is, though, a discipline welcomed by most of the managers in the nationalised industries, as the less they have to rely on government for finance, the more they can distance themselves from government control and intervention. However, it does mean that the customers are paying higher prices than they would otherwise.

It is significant that the two companies which the Tories have chosen to denationalise – British Airways and British Aerospace – are the two which could, in the future, make a call on the government to provide finance. The plan to sell a substantial stake in British Airways seems misconceived for a variety of reasons. The government will be offering investors shares in a company with an erratic profit record that is about to embark on a massive capital investment programme of something over £2,000 million. Airline companies in the United States do not command a high stock market rating and the most that the government could hope to get for a half share in British Airways is around £150 million, rather underscoring the point that we made before the election (NS 20 April) that denationalisation could not raise any significant amount of money towards the Tories' promises of massive tax cuts. If British Airways' investment programme pays off then the government will have sold out far too cheaply; if it fails they will probably end up renationalising it anyway as they have already learnt in other areas – such as titanium and electronics – some industries cannot be left to the fickleness of the private market.

Indeed, putting British Airways in the private sector could create some financial problems. In 1977 and 1978 British Airways paid the government a dividend of £11 million. In 1977, when profits were £77 million, this looked a comparatively modest affair but British Airways justified their policy on the grounds that they are in a cyclical business (true), so the pay-out should be low in good years, because bad years were ahead. They also argued that they needed a high level of retained profits to help finance their investment (also true). In the stock market these arguments are turned on their head. Investors, looking at a high risk company in a cyclical business will need a high dividend yield to encourage them to buy the shares.

TRADE MINISTER John Nott has said that selling off part of British Airways will save the government £1,000 million. This claim, which caused some gasps of astonishment in British Airways, is nonsense. The claim is based on the knowledge that British Airways will only be able to finance around 60 per cent of its

investment programme – top estimate £2,500 million – itself. The remaining £1,000 million will have to be found elsewhere. But, as Mr Nott should know, as it is written in the Public Spending White Paper:

The airline no longer borrows from the National Loans Fund and the great majority of external financing takes the form of US loans. In the current year a lease has been negotiated with Japanese sources for the acquisition of a Boeing 747.

All the indications are that BA intended to go on financing itself in this way. But, the argument goes, in future, it may find that it is difficult to raise that much on the private market and so would have to turn to the government. In that case, it seems very odd to float the business off into the private market, where the loss of the government's guarantee of its loans, will make it harder to raise money. It is quite possible that BA will have to pay more for its money in the future than it does now.

In so far as the government is relieved of

financing BA the scheme is just a financial sleight of hand. The same institutions will be buying BA shares from the government and lending to BA direct as at the moment lend to the government by buying gilts. Hiving off BA will not reduce its call on the financial market, only rename it. However, and this is the winning argument for the government, as its guarantee of BA's loans counts as part of the government's borrowing requirement, the move could appear to reduce this considerably.

Much the same applies to British Aerospace. Here the government, by the same arithmetic, claims to be saving £400 million. But the BAe board have repeatedly told this government and its predecessor that they would be quite happy to borrow on the private market. Such a thing could be made possible by a small amendment in the 1977 nationalisation act.

Operationally, the impact on the industries will be slight. Even at the moment BA describe government interference as 'not sub-

stantial, but in the background'. And the Labour government made little attempt to influence the industries on pricing or social grounds. Most of their influence was confined to matters of political expediency, national security and the need to defend Britain's decaying capitalism. Such imperatives will not disappear.

It also seems that the prospect of denationalising British Gas is very slight: it is providing the government with too much money. But if they tried, they would meet the violent opposition of Sir Denis Rooke. He sees no reason why the government should sell off the assets of British Gas – which is what a share flotation amounts to – to a group of investors who have not borne the risks in making them a valuable business. And he cannot see the sense of handing over in dividends the significant financial benefits of British Gas – shared at the moment by the community at large. However, the chances seem to be that he will never need to make this case.

AMERICA Claudia Wright

White House sackings are a desperate move to head off Edward Kennedy Carter's new electioneers

WHILE IT IS quite clear that Jimmy Carter's political crisis is due to accelerating inflation, diminishing real income, rising unemployment, and other obvious signs of recession, there is little he dares to do about them at the moment. After all, his policies are partly to blame for them. Congress prevents him from distracting everybody by going to war abroad, so he has chosen to go to war at home, in Washington, against a tiny group of foes he can hurt with relative impunity.

On its own, the US Cabinet has no legal or constitutional authority. In practice, however, it is the administration's primary source of policy initiative. Its departments feed the White House with most of its bills, regulations, messages and budget ideas. Presidents may resent the dependence. But it is unavoidable: no White House policy staff can grow large enough to act as a substitute. Although Nixon made the effort, the record of the Watergate affair revealed the shambles he brought on himself as a result.

At the moment the White House and the press appear to be labouring under a grave misapprehension about the role which a White House Chief of Staff can play, whoever occupies the cruel shoes. Jordan, it is said, will have the power to resolve policy disputes before they reach the President. Until now these have been dealt by Stuart Eizenstat for domestic policy and Zbigniew Brzezinski for foreign policy. Aided by large staffs it is their responsibility to negotiate solutions to inter-agency conflicts, prepare option papers for the President, and ensure his decisions are carried out. Jordan has neither the staff nor the inclination to take this job, and the shake-up of the White House will not change that. It is also said that Jordan will have the power to hire and fire subordinates, but through his command of the White House personnel office he has always had this authority. Months ago he set two of his staff to root out disloyalty and mismanagement at the senior levels of Agriculture, Commerce and other major departments. If that labour was in vain, Mr Jordan has only himself to blame.

Finally it is reported that the new Chief of



Hamilton Jordan (above left) gives the President a few more words of advice. Right, the new Chief of Staff sits in style in the White House.

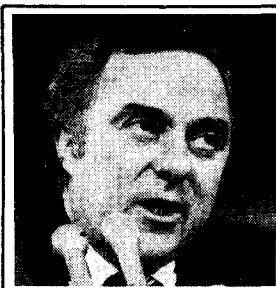
Staff will oversee the loyalty of the administration. This of course presupposes that the President and his administration stand for a clear set of goals against which staff and official conduct can be assessed. But as the 'staff evaluation' form which Jordan issued to the departments shows, what the President and his close circle really care about is a set of personal characteristics – punctuality (question 1) flexibility (question 11) political skills (question 21) and ability 'to take direction' (question 24). Mindless loyalty is what Jordan is after, but his purge of the Cabinet will hardly assure it. Mrs Harris, a black lawyer, who has been moved from Housing and Urban Development to take over Mr Califano's job at Health, Education and Welfare, has exacerbated the White House as much, if not more than anyone else in the original Cabinet. But then Mrs Harris is a woman and Mr Jordan has great difficulty in taking that sex seriously.

This is a particularly awkward time of year to conduct a purge because between now and December, the 1981 budget undergoes the final stages of preparation. Only if one



Keystone

Camera Press



Joseph Califano

KeyStone

assumes that the new Cabinet replacements will stick to their predecessors' decisions can the administration avoid a debilitating crack-up, but if that's the case, why purge anyone?

The answer is to be found in the personal phobias of Mr Carter's Georgian aides and of his wife, Rosalynn. In their preoccupation they seem altogether ignorant of the parallels they are establishing with Nixon's well-known efforts to preserve his re-election chances.

When Secretary of Transportation Adams was told by Jordan that he could hold his job only if he fired two subordinates, Adams issued a spirited public defence, saying that

'the last time that happened was when Bud Krogh came over here'. Krogh, a member of Nixon's 'plumbers', was Undersecretary of Transportation until indicted for Watergate-related crimes. The most disconcerting similarity perhaps is the obsession Carter and his staff share with Nixon, Haldeman, Ehrlichman and the rest regarding a race against Edward Kennedy. One of Califano's most grievous faults in Jordan's eyes was his friendly relations with the Senator and Carter's staff have been stretched to their limit this year finding measures to avoid a confrontation between their boss and the man everyone knows would be President if he chose to run. The frustration this has produced on Carter's inner circle has led to a bitter ritual to exorcise the Senator's lively ghost, and to reassure themselves of their own fast diminishing political reality.

Intentionally or not, Senator Kennedy upstaged the President twice this week. Not only did he announce that he will sponsor a bill that is clearly designed as an alternative to Carter's energy plan (it side-steps the OPEC

issue into which the President has put a lot of heat, and emphasises solar energy over synthetic fuel); but he also permitted the *New York Times* to interview him on the tenth anniversary of the Chappaquiddick disaster. There is every indication the Senator is now testing the extent to which he can stand whatever calumny might be revisited upon him. This was the point, you may remember, when eight years ago Messrs Hunt and Libby first made their appearance on the White House rolls, their mission to dig up dirt on Kennedy and thereby protect Nixon.

How does Hamilton Jordan protect Carter? At present Jordan appears to enjoy telling would-be donors to the election campaign that he may make them ambassadors. One who may have been told is Nathan Landow, a wealthy real estate developer in Maryland, from whom Jordan reportedly accepts hospitality favours. Newspaper reports have linked Landow, who is a major fund raiser for the President's campaign, to unsavory gambling elements, and to an inordinate passion for an ambassadorship.

REFUGEES

Cambodia's 'foot people' must not be forgotten

William Shawcross writes: Hanging over the Geneva meeting on Indochina Refugees was the memory of the Evian Conference in 1938. At that gathering thirty two 'nations of asylum' failed to agree to help the persecuted Jews of Europe. At Geneva Vice-President Mondale pointed out that if each nation at Evian had agreed to take 17,000 Jews in 1938, every Jew in the Reich could have been saved.

Mondale, along with other delegates, asked that the failure not be repeated. In many ways the delegates to Geneva did heed the lessons of Evian. They pledged to take about 260,000 refugees from the camps of Southeast Asia in coming months. They agreed to provide the UN High Commissioner for Refugees with some \$190 million. They reiterated their commitment to maritime law and promised to rescue refugees in peril on the sea. They focused their own and others' attention on the crisis.

At the same time they also pressed Vietnam to stop. Behind the scenes the French worked out a deal which Secretary General Waldheim proudly announced at the end of the meeting – the Vietnamese had agreed to impose a 'moratorium' on the departures of 'boat people'. Yet one of the premises of many delegates at Geneva was that Vietnam is determined to dispose of its ethnic Chinese minority – or at least that the Chinese wish to leave. What then are the implications of the West asking the Vietnamese not to let them escape? If the Hitler analogy is too distant and too offensive, can one imagine Western nations making the same request to the USSR of its Jews or dissidents?

The meeting was supposed to concentrate on humanitarian rather than political issues. Several governments, including the British, Chinese and American, nonetheless attacked Vietnam for the policies which are leading so many of its citizens to leave. The Foreign Minister of Singapore complained that to try to keep politics out of the discussion was like trying to play Hamlet without the ghost. He was right, in the sense that more and more refugees will continue to flow from Indochina

– in particular from Cambodia – unless and until some sort of political solution is imposed upon the conflicts of the area.

Cambodia is essential to any settlement and yet, as always, Cambodia was peripheral to the discussions. The 'boat people' have captured Western imaginations in a way that 'foot people' never have. The Thais have pushed at least as many Cambodians back to their deaths as the Malays have pushed Vietnamese. Conditions in Cambodia, moreover, are already far worse than those in Vietnam and a famine is expected later this summer. Unless the Vietnamese drop Heng Samrin, the Chinese (and the West) drop Pol Pot and some compromise is reached – Sihanouk still seems the most promising – then the survival of the remnants of the Khmer nation is in question. And until there is agreement between China and Vietnam on Cambodia the hostility between the two of them is bound to increase, rendering the continued exodus of Chinese from Vietnam inevitable.

But where is the circle to be broken? The Vietnamese, it is argued, will not drop Heng Samrin unless it becomes clear to them that seeking control of Cambodia in that fashion is far too costly. For that reason the Chinese, the Thais, and Western nations continue to support Pol Pot. The irony of the West supporting a regime which the American president himself has denounced as 'the world's worst violators of human rights' is not much noted. My own view, after talking to Cambodian refugees in Thailand last March, was that at this time the Vietnamese are the lesser enemy of the Cambodian people. More recent reports, however, suggest that they are intent on ruling Cambodia as a mere province and that the Vietnamisation of the country has begun. No one, it seems, has great interest in the survival of the Cambodian people. Unless there is immediate action soon by all those with interests and influence in the area, the Cambodian refugee problem will find its own solution.

If there were adequate interest, then a solution could be attempted. It would have to take place in the framework of an interna-

tional agreement to restore Cambodia's neutrality. The Vietnamese, the Chinese, the Russians and the United States would each have to make concessions. In narrow terms of 'credibility' perhaps they have little incentive to do that. But if they do not do so, then the deliberations at Geneva will later seem as hollow as those at Evian.



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Thorpe's trial: how the jury saw it

PETER CHIPPINDALE and DAVID LEIGH reveal that the Crown's case, in one of the most spectacular of British

trials, never got past Square One. Did the Director of Public Prosecutions make an expensive miscalculation?

THE OUTCOME of the 'Thorpe trial' looked remarkably like a debacle for Britain's official prosecutors. After elaborate proceedings, men went scot-free whose counsel had indicated that they might well have pleaded guilty to crimes of considerable magnitude. One defendant, John le Mesurier, plans a profitable book in which he will boast about his role as author of a criminal conspiracy. And anyone sifting the Old Bailey record can find evidence of sins as various as electoral fraud and application of persuasion to witnesses.

Traditionally the Director of Public Prosecutions is a mysterious fellow, protecting himself, if at all, not by public debate but by letting things discreetly be known. Discreetly, he and his minions are letting it be known that they justify their conduct of the 'Thorpe case' by reference to the jury's having taken more than two days to reach a verdict. Does not this show it was a serious case, seriously considered?

The same line of argument applies also to supporters of Mr Jeremy Thorpe. His conduct was exhaustively examined, and in the end adjudged innocent. His name is therefore clear.

These arguments have been advanced, so far, into a vacuum: gaining force from the fact that convention (though not law) treats jury decision-making as a kind of holy secret. What are the facts? We have conducted a detailed interview with one of the jurors involved, and his evidence suggests that the DPP's self-justification is hopelessly wide of the mark.

The Crown's main charge, conspiracy to murder, never made any serious impression on the jury: the juror interviewed said that after little more than an hour's deliberation on the first day, there was a clear majority in favour of throwing it out. Questioned further, he was emphatic on the point:

Q. So you never got round to considering who was involved in the conspiracy . . . what you basically came down to saying was it's not proved there was a conspiracy to murder in the first place?

A. Yes.

Q. So you basically only reached Square One . . . if you decided there was not a conspiracy to murder there (was) no point in going on to consider who was in it and who was out of it?

A. Yes.

If the centrepiece of the Crown's case – assembled so painfully, amid almost-unprecedented sensations – collapsed so abruptly, what was it that occupied the jury's time for the remaining two suspenseful days? The answer, according to our interview, is that the time was consumed in trying to persuade a single juror, who held out for conviction, to accept the view of the other eleven. The jury did not think that a majority verdict would be acceptable, and strove hard – and successfully – to achieve unanimity.

It was always going for an acquittal . . . (but) we got it on good authority that he (the judge) wasn't going to accept a majority – we kept saying 'Do you think he'll call us in today for a majority?' But one chap . . . he kept saying, 'No, I'm certain beyond reasonable doubt of conspiracy to murder'. We kept on saying, 'But why? What sways



Peter Taylor (left) and John Bull, courtroom prosecutors: a good job with the material they had

you that way?' And he'd say, 'Oh, well, look at this . . .'. And we'd say yeah . . . we've looked at the evidence and agreed that it's irrelevant, or that's uncorroborated.

A contributory reason for the drawn-out nature of the discussion was that the majority of the jury – while dismissing the Crown's main charge – felt troubled that so much evidence of wrong-doing should not lead to censure of any sort.

What we were all agreed on was there was definitely a conspiracy of some sort. They were definitely guilty of something. All of them.

And towards the end there was some discussion of the possibility of adding a critical rider to the verdict:

The foreman wanted to . . . she was going to bring it up, the fact that we're all agreed they're guilty of something and we're certain there was at least a frightening . . . it just didn't seem the thing at the time – you can add a rider by rights, but the fact is you've got to come to a decision . . . I thought about it afterwards; with hindsight, we should have said something.

ESSENTIALLY, what emerges from this juror's account is that the 'Thorpe trial' – one of the most complex, long-drawn-out state trials in recent British history – was misconceived almost from the first. The picture which appears is one of an intelligent, conscientious cross-section of citizens, confronted with a mass of scarcely-comprehensible evidence, in circumstances where a sensible judgment about its value was nearly impossible to make. Given that the issues involved are very different, the same basic question is raised as was raised by last year's massively expensive, abortive Official Secrets trial: what is the competence of the DPP and his staff, and what, if any, are the principles on which they work when deciding how cases shall be laid?

In part, the jury seem to have felt the case was obscure. Lawyers and journalists observing the trial felt doubtful whether the Crown had succeeded in making clear the role that money played in the case: particularly, the £20,000 which Jeremy Thorpe raised from 'Union Jack' Hayward, and which was passed

through Nadir Dinshaw's unsuspecting hands into the bank-account of David Holmes. Only two days were spent on this issue out of a six-week trial. Our juror's account tends to corroborate these doubts:

The money? I found it baffling – everybody was definitely of one mind – they (the defendants) were definitely worse off when the money was brought up . . .

But it did not crystallise as an issue. What *did* crystallise was the issue of large payments offered by newspapers to witnesses in the case. Peter Bessell – just as many observers calculated he must be – was by this means almost wholly destroyed as a credible witness:

He had a sweeping immunity, plus the difference of twenty-five grand on a conviction. This was very important. I wrote it in big letters on one page – half price acquittal.

Q. That really impressed everybody on the jury, then?

A. It impressed me a great deal. I think it must have impressed the others.

Q. Obviously Scott and Newton were going to make money if there was a conviction and not much if there was an acquittal, but it was the Bessell contract that crystallised that side of it?

A. Yes.

The fact that Peter Bessell's publishing arrangements had such profound effects inside the jury room must add fuel to the controversy over the degree to which the DPP's office was aware of what this major witness was up to. Lord Wigoder QC said in the House of Lords last week that Bessell's conduct with the *Sunday Telegraph* was not quite as simple as 'half price for acquittal' because

the lawyers who drew (it) up did not indulge in any crude language of that kind. It was disguised very simply in this way. In clause 1 of the contract it was stated that in consideration of the sum of £50,000 . . . the licensor (Bessell) granted to the publisher (the *Telegraph*) exclusive world rights to publish extracts from his book. Then in clause 4 it was stated: 'If, on the advice of his legal advisers, the publisher is not able to publish the extracts, then instead the publisher will pay £25,000 for up to six articles'. What that meant . . . was that Mr Bessell stood to gain handsomely from a conviction.

Lord Wigoder, a senior criminal lawyer, said that one evil of such an arrangement was that witnesses were bound to 'press . . . to ensure that a conviction should result', and another was that

once this web of contracts came to light . . . doubt was cast upon the whole of the evidence of those witnesses as to whether it was truthful.

Our juror interview confirms Lord Wigoder's assessment precisely. But in the same House of Lords debate Lord Hartwell, editor-in-chief of the *Sunday Telegraph*, defended the Bessell deal by saying that it had been made with the consent of the DPP's office. Before any contract was signed, he said, Bessell's London solicitor

spoke to a senior official of the Director of Public Prosecutions and explained to him the nature of the proposed agreement. 'Would the DPP's Department', he asked, 'see anything objectionable in the precise financial terms outlined?' The answer was that the Department would raise no objection . . . it is not what Mr Bessell said; it was his London solicitor . . . who, if necessary, is prepared to swear an affidavit . . .

The Attorney General, Sir Michael Havers, at once issued a denial – which he has since had to retract. Bessell's solicitor, Mr Lionel Phillips, 'remains confident' that he spoke to the DPP's office on 2 October 1978, writing immediately afterwards to Bessell:

I have told the DPP that a contract of this kind was in the offing, and he did not seem unduly concerned, mainly, if I understood him right, because you would be attacked on so many grounds that one more really would not make much difference.

In the mind of one juror at least, it clearly did.

THE JURY appears to have been a reasonable cross-section of working-class and middle-class Londoners – a teacher, a young welder, two elderly office workers, a civil servant, secretaries and housewives. But the man we interviewed felt that he and his colleagues got little help from the Crown, although the prosecution lawyers in court did 'a very good case . . . with the little they had'. But as a case of attempted murder 'it didn't hold water'.

In run-of-the-mill work, policemen and lawyers apply a rule of practice which says that if a murder charge *can* be laid, then it



Ex-Attorney General Sam Silkin, DPP Sir Thomas Heatherington, Sir Peter Rawlinson QC

should be – and no lesser offences, such as manslaughter, ought to cloud the issue. In this complex case, with only shaky evidence of lethal intent, but with considerable evidence of other and disparate offences, some with political implications (Jack Hayward's £20,000, to repeat, was solicited as an improper electoral contribution), a more sophisticated judgment might have been appropriate. And the DPP supposedly exists to provide just that.

But the available evidence suggests it was never forthcoming. The case which finally reached the Old Bailey was planned while Sam Silkin, as Labour's Attorney-General, was responsible for the DPP: the brief, according to report, was sent for advice to Sir Peter Rawlinson – better-known as a Tory Parliamentarian than as an active criminal lawyer. As put, eventually, to the jury the case seemed to rely heavily on the gamble that some of the accused men would abandon their 'right to silence' and go into the witness-box, to their own prospective embarrassment. Our interview showed this working-out in particular detail on the question of whether there had been incitement to murder.

We came to a decision on that almost immediately . . . you've only got Bessell and Holmes to say that. Holmes didn't get in the box, so you've only got Bessell's uncorroborated word which . . . all twelve of us agreed you couldn't take.

So extensive has been the propaganda by senior policemen against the 'right to silence' that prosecutions may have begun to think that the option is a dangerous one for defendants. Our evidence from the Thorpe jury suggests that a prosecution operating on such principles is not likely to succeed in any

important case:

I suppose we were a bit disappointed as well (at the defendants' not testifying) although the judge says it's not an admission of guilt . . .

Q. Did you think they had something to hide?

A. We all thought of it, but none of us actually brought it up, because as the judge says . . . it would have been dangerous to take it into consideration.

Simply because the Crown's attempts to prove a conspiracy to murder came so rapidly to grief, there was little or no concrete deliberation in the jury-room on the question of Jeremy Thorpe's alleged connection:

When you look over the evidence as a whole, there wasn't a great deal, apart from the verbal stuff (see above) against Thorpe . . . (The money) convinced me he was involved . . . but we don't know exactly how the money went to Holmes . . . we don't know what was actually going on between Holmes and Thorpe . . .

But this is not the same thing as an acquittal, on the charge laid, counting as a clean bill of health:

Q. If the charge had been conspiracy to intimidate, or something like that, would you have convicted?

A. Oh, undoubtedly, yeah. We was all certain of that. The only thing that stopped you obviously was that you can only convict him as charged.

Clearly, the Crown's ill-judged decision to put the dramatic word 'murder' on the charge-sheet added terrible weight to the ordeal that Jeremy Thorpe and his co-defendants had to endure. But at the end of the day this piece of over-kill produced a sort of bitter benefit for them: at the cost of doing some harm to Britain's name for humane and sensible administration of justice.

EDUCATION

Secret files – a shift in the right direction?

LAST WEEK'S conference on school records organised by the Advisory Centre for Education (ACE) revealed a significant shift in professional opinion on the issue of parental access to files kept on their children. A growing number of local education authority officials and headteachers are now discussing not whether, but *how* to enable parents to see and comment on their children's school files.

That's not to say the LEAs are opening up the files just yet. Two of the most open minded – Manchester and South Glamorgan – allow parental access but continue to hedge their policy around with so many exceptions to the rule that many parents find the barriers remain firmly in place. For example, while Manchester accepts the basic principle that 'subjects' (pupils and parents) can see what is kept on them and have the right to challenge any information held, the 'donor' (say a

teacher), who gives information, retains the right to limit parental access.

ACE's latest survey on LEAs' policy on records shows that no LEA yet gives parents unlimited rights to see everything held on them and their children. The most secretive include Harrow, Wirral, Bedfordshire and Derbyshire, where schools are instructed to withhold from parents not just the records, but the fact that they exist at all. However these are increasingly becoming the backwoods LEAs.

The main argument is focusing more on how to dispel professional anxieties about parental access (for example, expense, loss of frankness, a proliferation of parallel 'unofficial' records) and how best to make the switch to open status for records.

While some LEAs want a gradualist approach of persuasion and voluntary guidelines, groups such as ACE and the National Council for Civil Liberties favour legislation. The NCCL has a draft bill on school records which could get taken up as a private member's bill. Alternatively (and marginally more promising) the Government may be persuaded to include in its forthcoming second

education bill a parental access clause along with the promised 'parentist' clauses on the publication of exam results and a strengthened local appeals procedure for parents dissatisfied with a school place.

The National Union of Teachers still adamantly refuses to discuss the question of open school records – despite its spirited and indignant campaign to win the right for teachers to see any records (including references) that are kept on them. It denies there is any connection between the two issues. Meanwhile, the National Association of Headteachers (NAHT) is still working out its policy. Unofficially, it has already agreed with the basic openness principle. Its membership takes in 70 per cent of all maintained schools in England and Wales. A combination of an official NAHT line in favour of open records and a drive to get parental right of access on to the statute books would smoke the NUT into the open more effectively than the dubious gradualism favoured by the LEAs.

Rick Rogers

The great lager fraud

Every time the sun shines, the brewers smile. They are working flat out to slake our thirst with the drink which they have decided we should have: lager. Most of this, despite the Germanic rhetoric, is made in England and

barely resembles the drink available on the continent, even though it may share the same name. British lager is under-strength and over-priced but very profitable. ROGER PROTZ investigates.

AT THE CHRISTMAS staff party of Youngs, the South London brewers who have done so well from the increased popularity of real beer, the employees gave the head brewer a present of a Boots' home-brew lager kit. It was a most effective way of telling the man that he did not know his business: the Youngs' workers know that the lager they make is a grossly inferior product to their splendid bitter. Youngs, to their credit, know it too and are trying to do something about it. But they are rare among British brewers, most of whom produce something called lager, which has little resemblance in taste, strength or origin to beers drunk on the Continent. Indeed, Britain's lager market amounts to a fraud under which drinkers are persuaded to buy an overpriced product which is made, not by Danish and German brewers, but by the marketing departments of the nine companies which control most of Britain's lager market.

In recent years large amounts of money and human resources have been devoted to persuading young people that lager is the beer for their generation – light, zesty and strong, so different from the boring brown stuff drunk by the older generation. Many such converts might be surprised to learn that the drink with the hairy-chested machismo image, so vital to climbing mountains, shinning up telegraph poles and reviving sagging parts that other beers cannot reach is usually much weaker than ordinary bitters and many milds. Yet lager costs, on average, 6p a pint more than bitter. This combination of high price and low strength is at the centre of the lager fraud. In Britain, beer duty is levied on the gravity or alcoholic strength of drink, so the lager equa-

tion is a simple one: high price + low gravity = high profits. City analysts estimate that the profit margin on lager is double that on other beers and the 1977 Price Commission report on brewing was sharply critical of the pricing of lager, saying the companies charged 'what the market would bear.' By this they meant 'what the market can be persuaded to bear', because in fact the brewers are an oligopoly, both as producers and distributors through pubs. They reinforce their control of the market by heavy advertising.

Lager now accounts for just under 30 per cent of beer sales, compared with only 7 per cent in 1971. This has not happened by accident. During the fifties, and especially the sixties, the big brewing combines established their domination of the market by a series of takeovers which gave them a massive chain of tied outlets which they fed with their mass produced keg beers, which, in the interests of efficiency, replaced the many different traditional brews. Keg beers, advertised nationally, were, in the spirit of the times, bland and almost tasteless. But the brewers realised that they would need a product to replace keg beer and by the beginning of the seventies they were beginning to encounter consumer resistance: Watney's new keg beer, Red (nationally advertised as the RED REVOLUTION) was a flop.

The new product they chose was lager, the beer drunk by most of the world's beer drinkers. Traditional British beer takes about a week to brew and is ready after a few more days of conditioning. During fermentation the yeast rises to the top of the liquid, turning the natural sugars of the malt into alcohol and

carbon dioxide. Lager, on the other hand, is brewed at much lower temperatures and takes several weeks to mature, with the yeast working its way to the bottom of the liquid. Some of the stronger beers brewed in this way have to condition for several months before they can be drunk.

Production of such beers in Germany – where it is not known as lager, this being a British nomenclature derived from the German word for 'store' – is governed by a sixteenth century law, the *Reinheitsgebot*, which stipulates that only barley, water, hops and yeast can be used in brewing. British brewers did not want, however, to be bothered with the tiresome business of maintaining quality. Instead, they beat a path to the doors of the German and Scandinavian brewers and signed up deals under which they could import those companies' names – but rarely their recipes – to Britain and then advertise them heavily.

PUB BARS sprouted brash new dispensers with exciting foreign names, while hoardings and television commercials proclaimed the attraction of beer brewed by Danes or with true German flavour. With the help of a few freak hot summers, lager sales took off and some supporters now believe that it will account for 30 per cent of the market by next year and 40 per cent by 1985. To meet this demand Whitbread are building a new lager-only plant in Magor, Wales, Courage's new Reading brewery will be turned over to making mainly lager and Bass have recently bought a brewery from Harp on which they are to spend up to £18 million. Altogether the brewers expect to invest around £1 billion in the three years up to 1980 and most of this will go on lager plant.

To make sure that none of this money is wasted, the brewers will be spending enormous amounts on advertising. In 1967, when only a few bottles of lager were sold in Britain, the industry spent £286,000 on advertising it. By 1974 this had increased to £3.2 million but this year the seven companies who produce 92 per cent of the lager drunk in Britain will spend £30 million on advertising and half of this will be on lager. Harp alone will spend £2 million on television, radio and cinema spots. Allied's Skol will be putting money into cycle racing, golf, athletics, speedway and football tournaments.

The brewers are better known for their rapaciousness than their intellect but they put forward some sophisticated – for them – arguments for the growth of lager. They deny their advertising has fuelled the boom and say they have simply been following demand. Some claim this is part of a world-wide switch to lighter coloured drinks, including wines, rums and whiskies. Others say it is part of the revolt of youth against the values of the older generation.

Although it is true that taste in beer has been getting lighter for well over a century

It makes you fat, too

Some drinkers, worried about the size of their beer gut, have been switching to the new, heavily-promoted low carbohydrate lagers on the assumption that they are less fattening than ordinary beers and lagers. The only thing likely to decline is their money. Low carbohydrate beers are brewed longer so the sugar is turned into alcohol. As alcohol contains more calories than sugar, this does not necessarily reduce the calorific content of the beer. The principle of losing weight is to reduce your calories intake so drinking these lagers will only help if you drink less of them than an ordinary beer.

The real reason why such lagers are promoted so heavily can be found in the trade promotion for Satzenbrau (see right). Another part of this four page ad shows a glass crammed with coins and the message:

Satzenbrau is a top quality lager for a rapidly expanding market. And it is considerably more profitable than its nearest rival.

Close examination of the label shows this triumph of Germanic brewing to come from Ireland.

What your customers get out of Satzenbrau. Satzenbrau is low in carbohydrate content, but it's satisfyingly strong. So your customers enjoy a full-bodied flavour while you enjoy a full-bodied profit.



this has been a slow process in a drinking population notorious for its idiosyncracies. The revolt of the young theory looks even less plausible: lager sales have taken off since 1968 and in a period of widespread conservatism among young people. The revolutionary minority in the drinking fraternity today are those who want traditional ale served by 19th century hand-pumps. Indeed the demand for real ale has been the only clear demand from drinkers in the seventies and, apart from a few gestures, this has been ignored by the large brewers, even though it has saved many small breweries from extinction.

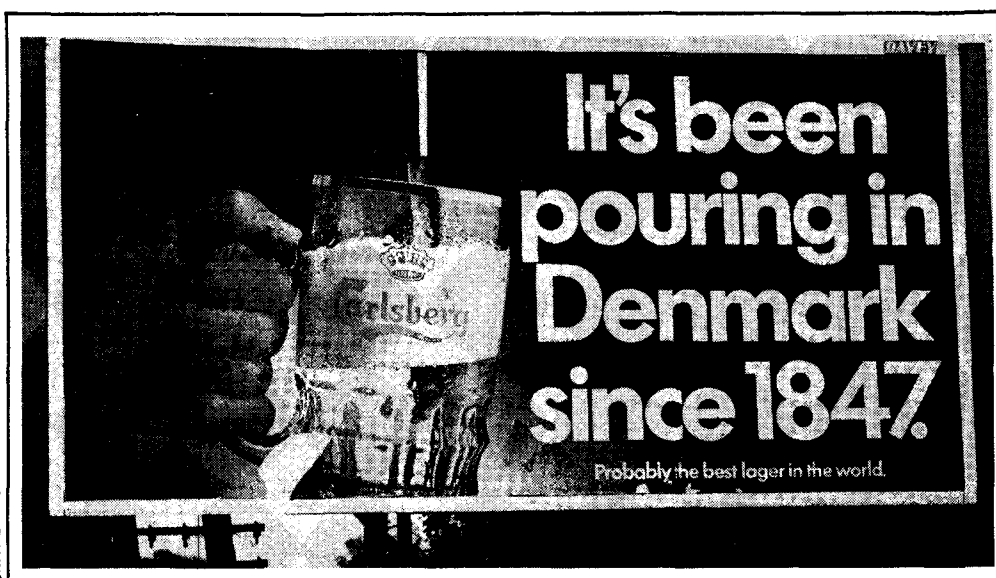
The problem for the big brewers is that real ale is a quality perishable product which has to be drunk fairly quickly and looked after properly. British lager, on the other hand, like keg before it, involves little trouble and has a long shelf life. Therefore, it receives the lion's share of the brewers' advertising budgets. It is, furthermore, extremely profitable because of the curious way in which British levies excise duty on alcohol.

BEFORE A BEER is allowed to ferment, the excise officer measures the 'original gravity' of each brew to determine the amount of fermentable material added to the water – mainly malted barley, but often other cereals and additional brewing sugar. As water has a gravity of 1000, a beer with an original gravity of 1036 degrees will have had 36 parts of fermentable material added to water. Beers with gravities of 1030 degrees or less are taxed at £17.42 plus VAT for a barrel containing 288 pints. For every extra degree of gravity, the brewer has to pay another 58p plus VAT so that a barrel of strong beer such as Fullers' Extra Special Bitter with a gravity of 1055 degrees will bear duty of £31.94.

It is clear that there is a significant financial incentive for brewers to make their beers as weak as the market will bear. The key feature of the lager fraud is that the prices are high, the beers weak and the advertising based on promoting the idea of 'manliness', strength and quality. Take, for example, Carlsberg Pilsner – the staple Carlsberg lager, not to be confused with its stronger versions, Hof and Special Brew – which is produced in Northampton, a town rich in Danish tradition, by Watneys. It has an original gravity of just 1031 degrees yet it is priced from anything between 38p in the Midlands to as high as 55p in London. A Watney's subsidiary, Ushers of Trowbridge, brew a light bitter, PA, the same strength, and therefore bearing the same duty as Carlsberg, which is at least 6p a pint cheaper. Tuborg, brewed under licence by Bass, is even weaker and if it dropped just a few degrees more it would have been legal under American Prohibition. Yet this drink is, on average, 6p a pint dearer than a stronger Mitchell and Butlers Mild (M & B are a Bass subsidiary). Similar examples can be quoted for the products of Allied, who brew Skol, Courage who market Harp and Whitbread's Heineken.

The brewers object to this stress on strength, saying their customers are interested in taste and that it costs more to produce lager because it has to be allowed to mature for several weeks. But the Price Commission report estimated that the extra cost was only 1p a pint: this is easily recovered by the combination of higher prices and lower strength. And the Northern Federation brew-

Chris Davies



ery in Newcastle – a co-op which supplies the club trade – manages to make money from selling lager at 10p a pint cheaper than the national brands.

To make up for what the lagers lack in strength, the brewers devote a lot of energy to suggesting that they have a fine heritage. Hoardings covered in Gothic scripts and television commercials thick with guttural accents tend to disguise the fact that the 85 lagers which account for 98 per cent of the market are brewed in Britain.

The promotion for Courage's new lager, Hofmeister, says that it is produced by arrangement with Henninger-Brau of Germany. One television commercial shows a talking bear, complete with German accent and Bavarian shorts, extolling the virtues of the lager. The implication is clear: Hofmeister is the British version of a true German lager. In fact, Henninger-Brau do not produce a beer called Hofmeister. They developed the beer for Courage according to the company's specification. As a Courage spokesman candidly admitted:

The Germanic name was what we were after. Lagers that do well here have got to have a Continental image – people think of lager as being German.

One drink which people certainly think of as a product of Holland is Heineken, largely because it is brewed and sold throughout Holland and Europe. A beer called Heineken, and looking to all the world like Heineken, is brewed in Britain by Whitbread. Do not, however, be deceived. This is not the same beer as that sold in Holland. We have had the two beers analysed: a bottle of Dutch-brewed lager and a can of British-brewed lager. The difference in strength is staggering. The Dutch variety has a gravity of 1046.4 degrees; the British variety has a gravity of 1032.5 degrees. This means that the alcohol strength of the two beers is 4.83 per cent and 3.36 per cent. The Dutch beer is over 40 per cent stronger than the British beer.

So convinced are Whitbread that lager will take 40 per cent of the market by the mid-1980s that they are rushing out new brands to complement Heineken. Heldenbrau, with a gravity of 1030 shows a Germanic eagle and trade promotion includes the phrase 'Germany has the reputation for brewing the best lager.' This is true, but has little to do with Heldenbrau which is not a reputable German lager. Indeed, the only German thing about it is the imported German yeast.

INVITATION TO OVERSEAS READERS

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Recently the New Statesman serialised *Sideshow*, a remarkable book in which William Shawcross, using records unearthed by the Freedom of Information Act, anatomises the policy which Kissinger and his master Nixon imposed on Cambodia – 'sideshow' was their own contemptuous label for the nation which they visited with the most destructive bombardment in the history of aerial warfare. Having built their policy upon the fantasy that a mortal blow might be dealt to Vietnam by attacking Cambodia, Nixon and Kissinger usurped to themselves the war-making powers which the US Constitution reserves to Congress – thus covertly extending a war which they claimed in public to be ending. To keep their gigantic bombing campaign secret, they so far subverted the command-structure of the USAF that (in one officer's words) anyone who '... punched the right button into the right spot ... could have had us bombing China'.



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The Man that waters the workers' beer

Keith Showering, chairman of Allied Breweries, major contributors to Tory party funds

and majority owners of Skol. The British version of this lager is the same strength as one of the ordinary bitters brewed by Allied but it costs between 36-45p, compared with a price for the bitter of 31-37p. The stronger Skol Special is two degrees weaker than Allied's Burton Ale, but is 4p a pint dearer. A few posters advertise Burton Ale but a galaxy of sporting events promotes Skol.

It is not just that these lagers are weak; they are also of moderate quality. With traditional draught beer, the lack of gravity is compensated for by a good round palate. For example, two of the lowest gravity beers, Hall and Woodhouse's Badger bitter and Ruddles' ordinary bitter, with gravities of 1031 and 1032, have light distinctive tastes because they are served naturally, without carbonation. Continental beers are often – though not always – carbonated. In Holland, draught beer must by law be served by carbon dioxide pressure. But because Continental beers have high gravities and the level of carbonation is strictly controlled, the true taste of the beer comes through.

But in Britain there is no equivalent of Germany's Reinheitsgebot and no quality control once the beer has left the brewery. Publicans can use whatever level of carbona-

tion they choose. If lager starts with a low gravity, is chilled, filtered and pasteurised in a brewery and then served under heavy pressure and very cold, it will be almost completely devoid of taste, as many British drinkers admit, by adding a dose of lime cordial to their drink. As the Munich newspaper *Suddeutsche Zeitung* has said, British lager is

imitation Continental beer drunk only by refined ladies, people with digestive ailments, tourists and other weaklings.

Under British law brewers do not have to disclose the ingredients of such a concoction, and are themselves rather coy about what goes into their lager. In making keg beer they have stuffed the drink with chemicals to produce a false sparkle and a creamy head and used a variety of adjuncts such as wheat, rice, corn, pasta flour and potato starch. Courage – owners of the Germanic Hofmeister – admit to using adjuncts, something that would be illegal in Germany. And many of the smaller breweries who make lager in Britain do not even bother to follow the continental brewing system, using instead pale malt in conventional British beer to make the drink lighter and then serving it ice-cold and heavily carbonated.

However, the brewers may be paying the price. Some observers are beginning to doubt the optimistic growth forecasts and argue that much of the demand for lager has been promoted by advertising. One City estimate puts the eventual market share at around 30 per cent and reckons that brewers will have to follow the lead of Skol and Hofmeister, giving their lagers more strength and taste, to satisfy the discriminating minority.

But, as the Campaign for Real Ale has found, such drinkers tend to be a small, if vocal minority. The majority are swayed by

advertisements and the brewers are past masters at the art of ignoring criticism. The Monopolies Commission report of 1969, the Errol Report of 1972 all made sharp attacks on the big brewers' domination of the market and the Ministry of Agriculture's Food Standards Committee has suggested that the strength of beer should be indicated on the bar along with ingredients and levels of carbonation. No government action has been taken on any of these reports.

The Labour government read and shelved the scathing Price Commission report which condemned the brewers' inefficiency, monopoly control and over-charging. Partly this was the Labour government's incapacity to deal with large corporations; partly their obsession with other things, technological and industrial. But partly also it is a curious distaste among socialists for the idea that beer matters. But it seems that it should be of more than passing interest that the drink of millions of workers is being adulterated and they are being deceived in the interests of profit. As it is, the brewers party is now in power and a Tory spokesman told CAMRA: 'The level of beer prices is best left to the impersonal and non-political forces of competition.'

But this is an industry extremely short on competition: seven firms control 92 per cent of lager sales. The brewers decide what will be produced, where it will be sold and how much it will cost and then devote as much money as they need to persuade people to buy something that is not even what it claims to be. British lager is one of the most tawdry examples of the cynical manipulation of consumers in the interests of providing the corporation with the wherewithal to keep on growing. The only way in which drinkers can defeat them at the moment is by drinking products that offer taste, quality and value for money.

State PR . . . the Bishop's budget . . . Chikerema's betrayal . . . Guerrilla rivalry

Notes from Zimbabwe-Rhodesia by Christopher Hitchens

□ 'Here is the news, read by Caroline Thorncroft. The Prime Minister, Bishop Muzorewa, has said that the presence of Mr Ian Smith in the cabinet demonstrates true democracy and contrasts favourably with the situation in other African states.' The voice of Zimbabwe-Rhodesia is certainly distinctive. Leaders of the Patriotic Front cannot be referred to by name, so it is often unclear which 'externally based terrorist leader' is actually being written off. The papers are full of Muzorewa's party communiques. These vie with the Rhodesian Front in abusing Andrew Young, the OAU, The Labour Party and other familiar targets. The same is true in parliament, where Muzorewa's supporters have called in loud tones for a more intensive bombing of Lusaka. Meanwhile the shooting of nearly 200 Sithole supporters is written up as a routine security operation. As Disraeli used to say, 'like all weak governments, they are resorting to strong measures'.

□ The argument about the continued presence of Smith is really a circular one. If, so one version runs, the Bishop could cleanse his cabinet of the more obviously hoglike members of the Rhodesian Front, he could expect a better chance of international recognition. But if he did that he would be denying the whole constitution which keeps him in power,

and which is devoted to 'safeguarding' the entrenched rights and privileges of the white minority. The removal of Smith, therefore, is neither here nor there. Lord Carrington, who didn't get his job by election either, presumably understands this.

□ The whole question of guarantees for Europeans reminds me that anything up to 40 per cent of them have settled here since UDI in 1965. You can usually pick them out in bars as they thump the table and intone about how they built up the country from nothing and won't see it ruined by a load of feckless Africans. A generation ago, they were those who had quit India after independence, and became known as 'the Bengal Chancers', now they are anything from ex-Portuguese colonists to failed British small businessmen. You will recall that Andrew Gino Newton made this his first port of call after he got paid. Currently we have Sir Rupert Mackeson facing extradition proceedings after dashing here to avoid fraud charges in England. The colourful baronet has made a thorough nuisance of himself in prison. Apparently some of the warders thought they had got Lord Lucan – who is in no doubt lurking around here somewhere. How many more of her own kind can Margaret Thatcher afford to lose in this place?

□ She is, of course, the most popular politician among the Zimbabwe-Rhodesian establishment. Bishop Muzorewa has referred to her as leading the country into the promised land. Perhaps the two have more in common than they realise. On the day that he moved into Ian Smith's old residence, the Bishop addressed a crowd of his followers and told them that, although they might be hungry and thirsty, they would have to wait. 'The wages question', he said, 'should be left for now'. He had talked with employers and they had told him wages could not possibly be raised without a vast increase in unemployment. As a stopgap measure, he recommended that the people pray for the discovery of oil in the country. Later this week his first budget will go before the House, with a good background provided by a recent report from the University of Rhodesia. This shows that the majority of urban blacks are unable to buy most of the necessities of life, and that most of them live on or below the official poverty datum line.

□ Not everybody is having such a thin time. The head of the Grain Producers' Association was interviewed recently on television about a large price increase which his farmers' lobby had extracted from the government. Asked why they had such a strong case, he replied: 'The government knows we can be trusted.'

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BRITISH GAS



After all, we did bring 350,000 voters to the polling stations.'

□ James Chikerema and the Reverend Ndabaningi Sithole have repeatedly betrayed every political movement they have ever been involved with. Their record down the years, in exile politics or in prison intrigues or in early nationalist agitation, is riddled with deceit and double-dealing. For many of their old friends, the final sell-out seemed to be the accommodation they made with Ian Smith. But now they have ratted even on that. Both men have led breakaway factions in an effort to get a larger slice of the pie, abandoning Bishop Muzorewa in a record three months. Harsh though the security forces have been in executing 183 of Sithole's 'auxiliaries', these same irregulars had got a name for unexampled callousness and cruelty in the short time they worked for the government. Meanwhile James Chikerema has been in touch with the spirit mediums and has announced that they join with him in calling on the Patriotic Front to surrender. There are a number of reasons why Ian Smith was able to survive for nearly fifteen years against what looked like very severe odds. But one of them is certainly the poor and divided quality of the Nationalist leadership. Bishop Muzorewa has not inherited the best of that tradition.

□ Where is Edson Sithole? No relation of the 'Reverend', he used to be Publicity Secretary of Muzorewa's UANC, until he was snatched in Salisbury in October 1975. The Bishop and his party always maintained that he had been

kidnapped by Smith's Special Branch, and some people reported sighting him in a remote detention centre. One might have thought that one result of Muzorewa taking office would be an investigation into his disappearance, but so far there has been no word. The mystery is an absorbing one, in that it raises the question of who is really in command of the Security Forces. For instance, there seems no way of finding out how many political detainees the government is holding, or whether it still conducts the regular secret hangings which were such a feature of the old regime. Martial Law and other regulations forbid the mention of anybody in detention, and it is 'not policy' to discuss executions. The power to sentence anyone to death by court martial in secret does apply in areas governed by martial law. Recently the *Bulawayo Chronicle* had a very courageous editorial on this point, entitled 'The Road to Dictatorship'. It asked: 'Does it satisfy Rhodesians that punishments up to and including death can be imposed in the full dark of military secrecy? . . . Not even the professional guardians of the rule of law seem much concerned at its erosion. In these circumstances the hope of getting any large number of guerrillas to surrender is more and more remote.'

□ This is not to say that the war in the countryside is not taking a ghastly toll on African life. With the cattle herds decimated or worse, and the increasing difficulties of growing food, the misery in the Tribal Trust Lands and villages is intense. In the south of the country, in an area disputed between

Mugabe and Nkomo forces, I met a young African girl whose father had been killed in a rather detailed way by 'the boys'. I wasn't quite sure how to conduct the conversation, or how to ask her opinion of the political scene. She let me off the hook. 'My father was a sellout', she said calmly. 'He gave information to the CID. My people have always supported the boys - but of course it is very hard when it is your own father'. The impression I got in this area was of a sympathy for the guerrillas but a sense of despair at the disputes between rival guerrilla armies and a definite resentment of the activities of 'mujibhas', the young toughs who act as spies and occasional rent collectors for ZANLA, and who often go in for collecting on their own freelance account.

□ Comment on internal Zimbabwean politics tends to focus on the doings of the predominantly Shona-speaking establishment which congregates around Muzorewa, Sithole *et al.* The Matabele minority are often left out of account - which is a mistake, as they have in the past formed a power base for Joshua Nkomo. At the moment they are represented in government only by Chief Kaisa Ndiweni, whose party advocates a federated system with equal participation by Matabeles. I called on his office in Bulawayo to find it staffed by two Europeans, the spokesman of the two being an anti-communist Pole named Mr Kowalski. I was dying to ask him if he thought of Robert Mugabe as a fellow-catholic, but refrained. The gung-ho tenacity of recent white immigrants (he had been here three years) should never be underestimated.

SPAIN
Julie Flint

Two years after the event, the Right still keeps its secret

Who ordered the Atocha massacre?

ON THE NIGHT of 24 January 1977, in one of the most violent weeks in Madrid since Franco's death 14 months earlier, two well-known militants of Madrid's extreme right knocked at a Communist law office on the Calle de Atocha. Both wore masks and carried 9 mm pistols. Forcing their way inside, the two gunmen rounded up everyone present - eight young lawyers and an office employee - herded them together, utterly defenceless, and opened fire. Five fell dead or dying. Three more were not expected to survive.

Although it seemed so at the time, there was nothing hit-and-run about the assassinations: two of the dead were killed with carefully aimed single bullets. Several of the wounded were hit by bullets that were only millimetres off target. The only person with minor injuries owed his life to the fact that other bodies tumbled on him and hid him from further view of the gunmen - one of whom was a sometime encyclopaedia salesman called Jose Fernandez Cerra, the other an ice-cool, poker-faced boy of 21, Carlos Garcia Julia. Neither was there anything casual about the planning of the massacre: that the gunmen ever found the Atocha office was a minor miracle of organisation since the site of the meeting had been changed, by telegram, only hours earlier. Furthermore, the gunmen arrived at Atocha exactly 15 minutes after the time set in the telegram, indicating the existence of an intelligence network not available to simple commie-bashers.

In the two and a half years since the massacre, the victims' families and the Madrid Bar



Association have been attempting to discover through the Spanish courts how far this network reached, who ran it, and who ordered the Atocha attack - however indirectly - and for what ultimate purpose: whether just 'to teach the Reds a lesson', as Fernandez Cerra says, or perhaps as part of a wider scheme to wreck the six-month-old Suarez government's democratic efforts on the eve of the legalisation of political parties. In the same week as

the Atocha massacre, cronies of the Atocha gunmen killed two students, police shot dead a protest demonstrator and terrorists kidnapped an army general in their first attack on the military since Franco's death.

Four Francoists were arrested in April 1977 on charges of terrorism - the two Atocha gunmen; their lookout, Fernando Lerdo de Tejada; and Francisco Albadaledo, the man accused of giving them their marching orders. All have admitted their involvement in the massacre. However, it is now almost impossible to imagine that the Atocha investigation will be able to establish who, at the highest level, was responsible for the massacre.

The official in charge of the case until only three months ago, investigating magistrate Rafael Gomez Chaparro, has treated the witnesses called by the prosecution like honoured members of a privileged (Francoist) club and the arrested four like misunderstood chicken thieves. Before being fired in April, after a full two years on the job, Gomez Chaparro let Albadaledo out of jail three times - to spend festive occasions with his family - and Fernandez Cerra, the unrepentant trigger-man, four times - for dental treatment readily available in prison. Lerdo, the only well-connected boy of the four and the one thought most likely to break under interrogation, needed only one chance - a five-day Easter holiday from jail authorised by Gomez Chaparro - to pack his bags and disappear from Spain. Gomez Chaparro did not see fit to inform the prosecution of the escape and was removed from the case after the press broke

the news, six days after the fact.

EVERYTHING THAT HAS happened in and around the Atocha investigations since January 1977 suggests higher responsibilities for the crime. Why else the otherwise inexplicable contradiction and lies of dozens of witnesses? Why else the defendants' obsessive insistence, when they can agree on little else, that 'We acted alone. There is no-one above us'? Why else the difficulty in getting certain influential Francoists to appear in court? Why the death threats warning the prosecution that 'it isn't worth dying for five Communist bastards'?

One of the most striking aspects of the Atocha case is that the trigger-men and Lerdo all seem to have had unusually close links with the bosses of the extreme right – with Blas Piñar, leader of the Fuerza Nueva party and the man Francoists hail as their new Caudillo, and with Raimundo Fernandez Cuesta, a former Franco minister and leader of the Falange. All three youths were members of Fuerza Nueva until approximately three months before Atocha, when they quit the party, saying it was 'too bland', and moved over to the Falange. Lerdo is the son of Blas Piñar's former personal secretary, who has held several important posts in the Fuerza Nueva hierarchy. And the trigger-men, Fernandez Cerra and Garcia Julia, look very much like the bodyguards of Blas Piñar and Fernandez Cuesta – although those two worthies deny it – and were seen standing at their shoulders at Francoist rallies and meetings, like good security men anywhere. When Blas Piñar testified in court, he insisted: 'I have no bodyguards'; but he arrived at court in a taxi sandwiched between two private cars and left – six hours later – in the same convoy.

Despite the obvious reasons for summoning Piñar and other well-known Francoists to give evidence, Gomez Chaparro contrived to delay their testimony for almost two years. First, he simply declined to summon them. Then he forced an immediate suspension of testimony by permitting defence lawyers to be present in flagrant violation of the Francoist laws he had never before questioned. Finally, he all but invited important witnesses to appear at their convenience. Blas Piñar, pleading an extended trip to Paraguay to raise the interna-

tional fascist flag with Stroessner, Almirante and Co., testified only in May this year. Antonio Gonzalez Pacheco, an infamous police inspector of the extreme right nicknamed Billy the Kid for his Wild-West ways with pistols, pleaded the pressure of duty until last month. Fernandez Cerra claimed that 'Billy' had turned up in his cell for an hour-long meeting just after his arrest, but recently withdrew the allegation when brought face-to-face with the cop in court. If the meeting did take place, it can have had nothing to do with straightforward police investigations, since the anti-terrorist brigade to which 'Billy' belongs has refused to look into the Atocha massacre, saying its job is to combat the 'terrorism' of the left, not the 'patriotism' of the right.

WHEN THE STARS of the extreme right finally appeared in court, Gomez Chaparro refused to insist on even a minimum of seriousness. Blas Piñar embarked on lengthy digressions into the evils of democracy and the dark days in store for Spain, 'like a football player whose team is winning in the second half and does nothing but kick the ball out'. The meteorologist editor of Fuerza Nueva's weekly paper, summoned to explain how his magazine knew the existence of the Atocha telegram before even the police did, cynically told the court: 'I thought you had asked me here to discuss the weather. I know nothing about this little matter.' In neither case did Gomez Chaparro call to order, or demand straight answers to the questions of the prosecution.

When not fighting for witnesses, the Atocha lawyers have been fighting to stop Gomez Chaparro whittling down the scope of their enquiries. On one occasion, the magistrate wrapped up all the weapons in the Atocha case and sent them off to a separate investigation into illegal possession, opening the ludicrous prospect of a quintuple murder investigation without murder weapons. On another, he ordered an independent investigation (out of reach of the plaintiffs' lawyers) into an illegal, multi-million peseta account discovered in the Francoist Transport Union. One of the three signatories to the account was Francisco Albadalejo, the man accused of directing the trigger-men to Atocha.

Although the national court of appeal ruled that Gomez Chaparro had been wrong to separate the apparent slush fund from the jurisdiction of the Atocha case, it did not reverse his decision. The discovery of the illegal account, which provided between seven and 20 million pesetas a year through an illegal levy on union members, reinforced an early theory of the Atocha prosecution that the massacre had been filtered through a 'parallel police force' – the hell's angels of the Franco regime – recruited in part from the Transport Union. Banned from following this line of inquiry, they now have no hope of proving – or disproving – the truth of it.

Had so many lives not been shattered at Atocha, there would be moments of pure comedy in the hearing: Gomez Chaparro's petulant complaints that 'I can't work with these lawyers who want to drag things out'. Billy the Kid's insistence on courting the lawyers and the new investigating magistrate with toffees. 'Do you want one? Would you like one? Go on, have some.' The lunatic dossier presented by Mariano Sanchez Covisa, ageing leader of the Nazi-styled Guerrilleros de Cristo Rey, to blame the massacre on a conspiracy to discredit the right mounted by the KGB, the Italian government, Suarez and even the Communist Party itself. Despite the tragedy under investigation, there was one moment when the prosecuting lawyers, intimate friends of the Atocha victims, laughed out loud – when Sanchez Covisa, in all seriousness, told them: 'I refuse to give evidence in front of representatives of a foreign power' – Moscow, presumably.

Convinced that all traces have long since been covered, the Atocha plaintiffs now want to wind up the pre-trial hearing and move on to a trial where they can put the lies and contradictions of the extreme right on display. Some feel time may help get at the truth; others are more pessimistic. The extreme right, defensive in the months following Franco's death, is in fighting mood and looks more confident than at any time in the past 30 months. A full two years after Atocha, Blas Piñar was still sounding like a man recruiting a private army, telling his patriots at an election rally: 'To Spaniards who are ready to get up and fight, we offer struggle, sacrifice, blood, grief and tears'.

UNIONS

The discreet venom of James Prior

The TUC General Council, which met this Wednesday, is becoming increasingly concerned by the Tories' industrial relations proposals. Jeremy McMullen analyses them and Paul Routledge looks at the unions' response.

Labour – 1

AS THE UNIONS are rapidly coming to realise, Jim Prior's proposals for industrial relations reform go far beyond the minimum political tokenism afforded by the election result. In several respects they are a thinly disguised revival of the Industrial Relations Act 1971 and, if fully implemented, could mean that the legal immunity of unions would be withdrawn in almost every form of strike activity. In some senses they restore the legal relationship between employer and employee that existed prior to 1906.

It is the working paper on picketing that contains the most far reaching proposals. Concern is expressed within it that employers

and employees who are not a party to a dispute are picketed, that the pickets are well organised, mobile and in short effective. The spectre of violent intimidation is raised as justification for reform even though the criminal and civil law are already adequate to deal with these abuses. The right to picket, currently in the Trade Union and Labour Relations Act, is to be restricted to workers who are party to a dispute picketing at their own workplace. Anyone else acting in support of the workers in dispute would lose their statutory immunity from civil actions for inducing breach of contract, interference with commercial contract, interference with business and conspiracy. The intention is to restrict the miners' picketing of power stations and lorry drivers' picketing of contractors' premises.

Two further alternatives are proposed,

which go to the heart of the Prior strategy. The government could either abolish the legal immunities of workers acting in contemplation or furtherance of a trade dispute if, not being in the dispute themselves, they engaged in any secondary action like blacking or a sympathetic stoppage. Or, the working paper says, the immunities could apply only to people who in a dispute ask others to break their employment contracts. If commercial contracts are threatened, the protection which presently exists would be lost.

All three proposals are dramatic revivals of the Industrial Relations Act – only the 'extraneous parties' and 'unfair industrial practices' proposals are missing. If enforced by employers, they would cripple all forms of industrial action not just forms of picketing. It simply is not possible to mount an effective

strike without picketing, without solidarity from other trade unionists and without threatening commercial contracts of employers not in dispute. Throughout the furore over secondary picketing James Prior has never disguised his intention to tackle not just picketing but all secondary action. In practice though no dispute is possible without it in one form or another and this was the case well before the winter of 1978.

The closed shop, the subject of a second working paper, displays a similar lack of reality. By combining their discussion and proposals on the right to join and not to be expelled from a union, the Tories' working paper shows either a basic lack of knowledge of labour law, or more likely a malicious desire to equate two perceived evils. At present there is no legal bar on the practice of closed shop agreements or arrangements. Provided it is made by an independent union, covers an identifiable group of workers and is uniformly enforced at the workplace, a union membership agreement gives an employer a defence to unfair dismissal claims from workers sacked as a result of non-compliance. With the exception of religious objectors no worker can claim reinstatement and compensation.

The Government wants to change this by making compensation available, to be paid by the employer or, if he wishes, by the union as well. Existing employees at the time of the agreement can refuse to join, as can those with a commodious 'personal conviction' against joining. Still to be decided is whether those of 'personal conviction' should include people who object to joining all unions or those who reasonably object to joining a particular union. The latter operated between 1974-76 as a result of Tory amendments, and would, if restored, enable tribunals to examine every aspect of a union's affairs at the whim of any objector.

The document says of the way in which closed shops are currently introduced: 'There is no protection for existing non-union employees, and no requirement that a closed shop agreement should be approved by those who will be affected by this major change in their terms and conditions'. In future therefore a secret ballot will have to be conducted showing that an overwhelming majority of those affected have voted for a closed shop. Again the Government clearly has a fanciful view of industrial relations. No closed shop agreement is made without massive support. Non-members are frequently excluded from the constituency specifically so that they avoid compulsion to join. The Tories' proposals on this are tougher than the 1971 Industrial Relations Act which merely required a majority of the constituency, or two thirds of those voting, before an approved closed shop or an agency shop could exist. An agency shop could be set up without a ballot if the union and the employer automatically agreed. Under the Prior proposals unions can be joined as defendants to an unfair dismissal claim simply by making an agreement; and sackings in a non-balloted shop will automatically be made illegal. Under the 1971 Act unions were only liable if they exerted pressure on employees to participate in a closed shop.

The papers also intend to give additional legal rights to aggrieved members and applicants for membership. There is nothing wrong in principle in giving aggrieved and expelled members greater redress. As the Donovan Commission pointed out, in a labour organisa-

tion of 12 million, supported mainly by voluntary officials, there are bound to be mistakes. But the proposal of redress through the High Court provides a wholly insensitive industrial relations forum. The current semi-statutory Independent Review Committee is far better.

The decision to make funds available for secret ballots for union elections, strikes and rule changes, the subject of a third paper, will set unions further down a corporatist road – all in a desire to save a few pounds' postage. The decision on how to test a union member's wishes must always rest with the elected representatives on executive or negotiating committees. One of the dangers of balloting was demonstrated last week by Lord Denning when he declared that the NUJ should have balloted all its members during their recent provincial dispute. He adjudged that since all would be asked to give the usual solidarity to striking members, all should be balloted. Lord Denning should know that, if you ballot members who are not directly affected, the response is less likely to be militant.

Prior has not stopped with his working papers. There will be a further review of the existing law on trade union immunities and periodic review of closed shop agreements. In addition he has laid a draft order before the House which will come into effect from October, that raises the length of time a worker must have been employed by the same employer from 26 to 52 weeks before she or he can go to an industrial tribunal on a charge of unfair dismissal. When the service qualification was reduced from two years to six months in 1975 the number of dismissal claims trebled. No figures have been published since 1976 when 24 per cent of all applicants had between six and 12 months service but it is reasonable to assume that one third (13,100) of all applicants last year were in this category. So from 1 October with rare exceptions all workers will be on probation for their first year and 13,000 of them will be debarred from challenging a dismissal. Prior's explanation for lengthening the period was that it represented 'an unreasonable burden, particularly on small employers and a disincentive to recruitment'. Two research projects done for the Department of Employment show this view, which had been propagated by the National Farmers Union, to be untrue. Indeed only one small employer in 1,000 is likely to be faced with a compensation award in any year. A further concession to the small business lobby is that the employers wishing to make between 10 and 99 workers redundant need now give only 30 days notice to the unions and the Department of the Employment. The minimum notice until 30 November is 60 days. Prior, supposedly the soft man, has chosen the hard course.

Labour – 2

THE STUDIED caution this week of the TUC general council's response to the Thatcher trade union reform package may have lulled the cabinet into a false sense of security, but moves set in train by the Transport and General and the National Graphical Association will soon give the Ministers a rude shock. The key figure in the whole affair will be Harry Urwin, the TGWU's deputy general secretary, and chairman of the TUC Employment Policy and Organisation Committee. In that role he has headed the Congress House team in the three sessions of talks about talks

that have already been held with Prior and he has come away pretty well convinced that the Tories conciliatory posture is a fraud. Like Robert Carr's pillars of wisdom document of autumn 1970, the new package in Urwin's opinion is not negotiable. Due to retire early next year he offered to give up his seat on the TUC general council (and with it the chairmanship of this key committee) to his designated successor Alex Kitson. However, Kitson demurred on the grounds that Urwin was the man to see the issue through to a successful conclusion. He faces a delicate task.

The TGWU will be at the heart of the campaign of 'maximum trade union resistance.' In the months that lie ahead TGWU lobbyists will be at work pulling together a majority of TUC votes for a campaign against the measures. Their chances of succeeding must be regarded as good. Quite apart from their own massive block vote that now exceeds 2m. (one-sixth of the entire TUC membership), the T&G command a substantial coat-tail voting strength. Moreover though the reforms have been cleverly constructed to avert a showdown reminiscent of the Industrial Relations Act, every union is affected at some point. The weakening of the closed shop affects the traditionally moderate unions like the railwaymen and the post office workers. The threat of withdrawal of immunity from actions in tort from all but tightly defined legal picketing diminishes the armoury of every union. Nor will executives, firmly ensconced for life, rapturously welcome the media inspired clamour among their membership for state financed secret ballots.

The T&G initiative will almost certainly end up in a composite motion with the proposals of the NGA. These printworkers have their own horror story to tell, having been mulcted of £80,000 by the appeal court in the last round of judicial limitation of the trade union immunities granted by Parliament. The NGA motion (which has the backing of the TUC at the highest level) deplores judge-made law and calls on the TUC to maintain a campaign to sustain the advances made under a Labour government. It also proposes that the Parliamentary Labour Party should be brought into the fray.

The printers' adroit exploitation of the latent union hostility to judges, coupled with the T&G efforts to construe the Thatcher package as 'another Taff Vale', should give some much needed emotional stimulus to the otherwise dry dialogue about legal immunities. Jim Prior is consciously relying on a low-profile presentation and the technical nature of the detail about picketing to push through a very real diminution of union power. Central Office thinking is that the Labour movement is demoralised after the election and has no stomach for a fight. Apart from the heady atmosphere of seaside conferences they do not sense any serious opposition from the rank and file.

Moreover, the unions partially sold the pass with the restrictions as picketing agreed in the concordat. The union leadership's other great difficulty is that unlike the Industrial Relations Act which relied on union acquiescence in an abhorrent system of state licensing (registration) the latest discussion papers do not offer a simple handle of revolt. The TUC is bereft of an easy lever like the successful deregistration campaign of the early 70's. Instead they could be picked off one at a time by the courts.

London Diary

□ A flashback haunts me as I read Sir Keith Bovis on industrial strategy. It is the third day of the 1970 Tory Conference, at the Winter Gardens in Blackpool; I am observing for Granada TV. An elderly woman in a hat asks to share my taxi.

Was I a delegate? *She* was a delegate. What did I think of the conference? Um, ah, well. Didn't I think that John Davies was *wonderful, magnificent*? Wasn't it *years* since we'd heard a Tory Minister talk like a proper Tory? Well, er, you may be right, etc.

She vanishes into the hall, and I reflect on Davies' first speech as Secretary of State for Industry. It had one theme – disengagement. Disengagement from everything, especially the nationalised industries. 'Private capital (thunderous applause) must be brought back to play its questioning role.'

Disengagement commenced. There was a man called Sir John Eden, Industry Minister, who 'disengaged' his government from shipbuilding in April 1971, and from regional investment grants in May. He was aided by his under-secretary, the Hon. Nicholas Ridley.

Then came the Upper Clyde sit-in, the miners' strike, and a million unemployed. Eden went to the Post Office; Davies to Europe; Ridley was sacked. Re-engagement began. Shipbuilding got more grants in one year than Labour gave it in six. Enormous grants followed for coal and rail. At Industry, a prosperous Leicester solicitor/brewer named Tom Boardman negotiated the U-turn.

Boardman! I am back in 1979. The same Boardman is persuading the CBI to be 'loyal to the government' and support its disengagement from industry. Investment grants should be scaled down, also grants for shipbuilding, coal, etc etc.

How long this time before we are back to wage-frozen, stagflated state capitalism – with clamour for a National Government under Ramsay MacCallaghan and Philip Snow-Whitelaw? Six months. Perhaps a year. No longer.

□ The only person I could find who was more delighted than myself by the result of the hanging debate was Mary Hanratty, mother of James who was hanged for the A6 murder. We are both convinced her son had nothing to do with the murder, and would have cleared himself long ago if alive.

She reminds me of a continuing mystery. Some four years ago she found in her son's belongings a blood-donor's card issued to him in prison. It classified his blood as group O, rhesus negative. This was odd; the jury at Hanratty's trial were told that his blood group was O. The rhesus factor was not mentioned.

The murderer's blood-group, detected from semen left after the rape he also committed, was O. The impression was given that both Hanratty and the murderer had a blood-group common to the vast majority of people. In fact, the rhesus negative factor put Hanratty in a group shared by only eight per cent of the population.

A simple question which did not arise at the trial: can the rhesus factor be detected from semen? If so, could we still discover the murderer's blood-group from the tests made in 1961? I have asked these questions of many

expert people, and I keep getting different answers. But if it is possible to discover whether the A6 murderer was O-positive or O-negative, it might settle the question of guilt once and for all. I doubt whether even a Home Office official would argue that a man committed murder while his blood group was different from the murderer's. Can anyone help?

□ Glancing down the gallows lobby, I find the name of Jonathan Aitken, or Beaverkin, as he is known because of his illustrious newspaper ancestry. As a reforming Tory, he once got into terrible trouble for favouring the legalisation of cannabis. I don't know whether he now thinks that people should be hanged for smoking pot, but I know that he remains irresistible to women. Proof can be found in the *News of the World*, which carries a picture of Jonathan in a shortie dressing-gown, with a list of his society lovers and citations of his thoughts about love, principally: 'I have to find a girl attractive or it's like trying to start a car without an ignition key.'

Women's liberation groups, I hear, plan to send Jonathan many ignition keys, with bizarre instructions about what to do with them. I wish I could do something about this gross contempt of Parliament.

□ HOSPITAL'S DILEMMA OF THE 23-WEEK BABY, screamed the *Daily Mail* last Wednesday. Underneath, the 'story' began:

The argument over the time-limit for abortions was given new impetus last night after an inquest on a 23-week foetus which lived for 36 hours.

In truth, the argument over the time-limit was given new impetus by the *Daily Mail's* tireless enthusiasm for distortion. The great Barnsley foetus story arrived just in time for the general election. On 27 April, six days before polling, all the papers reported that a 23-week foetus had been born in a Barnsley hospital and 'left on a draining board for five hours'.

Last week, most papers covered the inquest, which revealed that the foetus was not 23 but 26 weeks old, and had not been left on a draining board. Some newspapers – the *Sun*, the *Guardian* and the *Mirror*, for instance – reported this correctly. Others – the *Mail*, the *Telegraph* and the *Express*, persisted with their April error. The difference may seem small, but was crucial in a week when the Commons debated a proposition to limit legal abortion to 20 weeks. Indeed, the Barnsley foetus was shamelessly used by many MPs who supported the new Abortion Bill.

Diane Munday of the British Pregnancy Advisory Service tells me that she phoned the Press Association who immediately put the correct figure on the wire to all papers. Neither the *Mail*, nor the *Telegraph* nor the *Express* bothered to publish it.

□ I notice incidentally that 68 Labour MPs voted for the 'Corrie Bill' restoring abortion to the back-street coathanger artists and the quack doctor. 84 voted against. 100 did not vote, presumably because the Bill did nothing to increase their salaries.

John Corrie, by the way, has told several Scottish newspapers that he is introducing his Bill because 'all life is sacred'. His interviews are full of stories about his long sleepless nights tending newborn calves on his farm. A disgraceful rumour circulates that some of these calves may eventually be slaughtered.

But then Sacredness to Mr Corrie is not always consistent. I notice he voted to bring back the rope.

□ I can't help feeling sorry for 'Richard Deacon', whose real name is Donald McCormick, formerly foreign manager of the *Sunday Times*. He has written a book about Russian spies eating into the fabric of our society, based on the view that everyone to the left of his old mate Ian Fleming is almost certainly working for the Russians, especially if they have foreign or Jewish-sounding names. The book is so appalling that it was chosen for serialisation by the *Guardian*.

Deacon made full use of Rule No. 1 in the journalists' libel manual: Dead Men Issue No Writs. But he forgot the important rider: Provided They Are Not Alive. At the end of a long, grossly McCarthyite smear against Sir Rudolf Peierls, a distinguished physicist, Deacon wrote:

He became a fellow of New College, Oxford in 1963 and was eventually knighted in 1968, a few years before he died.

All this is absolutely correct, except that Sir Rudolf is still alive: alive enough, in fact, to stop Deacon's book with a libel writ and an injunction. Something really must be done to protect ordinary working journalists who want to write books about espionage, but who can't possibly have access to obscure reference works such as *Who's Who*, *Burke's Knightage*, or the telephone directory.

Paul Foot

This England

Prizes: £3 book token for first entry, £2 tokens for others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

□ A vicar wants his flock to pray for people who operate petrol pumps in the area because, he says, they are under 'great temptation' to profiteer in the fuel crisis and their jobs are at risk with petrol shortage. – *Daily Telegraph* (W. Pugh)

□ One simplification proposed by the commission is that seats should no longer include their borough as the first part of their name – which means that in future the Barking ward in Barking constituency in Barking borough will be known as Barking, Barking rather than Barking, Barking. – *Labour Weekly* (Roger Darlington)

□ Graduate strippers are now becoming quite commonplace in the Raymond empire. Among the applicants this week was a graduate of Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford, who is soon to go to Guy's Hospital Medical School. Sarah, who is 24, is realistic about her future. She reckons she might have about four years stripping before she gets too old. After that she might become a social worker. – *Evening Standard* (E. Lindner)

□ A Church of England debate on sex was abandoned yesterday when only seven interested bishops turned up. Eleven bishops were needed to form a quorum at the meeting. – *Peterborough Evening Telegraph* (M. J. Heiser)

□ But also we have to weigh the innumerable benefits which the space programme has given the world against the tiny risks involved when man-made objects return to Earth and to reflect as the breakfast bacon crackles in non-stick frying pans throughout Britain that without the programme there would be no such frying pans. – Editorial in *Daily Telegraph* (Ida Gudema)

Shakespeare: not guilty

From Conor Cruise O'Brien, editor-in-chief of the *Observer*

Mr John Arden (NS 13 July) quotes some anti-Irish lines which Shakespeare puts in the mouth of his Richard II. He goes on to attribute the views expressed to Shakespeare himself. ('When Shakespeare makes a statement of that kind . . .', etc.) The mistake is a common one, as all teachers know, but it seems an odd one for a playwright to fall into. Is every utterance by a character in one of John Arden's plays to be understood as expressing Mr Arden's opinion?

For the rest, it is depressing to see an intemperate, and slightly crazy, piece of political polemic occupying the Books in General section of the NEW STATESMAN.

Marx and the upstarts

From John Whitehead

It is, sadly, too typical that Alex Callinicos' review ('Ockham's Razor', NS 13 July) should end as it did. After a series of economical and not always inaccurate expositions of his chosen texts (we will ignore his unwise excursion into the realms of the automotive service industries) he subjects them to the tediously regressive procedure of ordeal by historical anecdote and execution by quotation. Hirst and Tribe are associated with the Bernsteinian deviation of yore, and the words of the Masters are intoned to banish the upstarts from the court of true Marxism.

This trivial substitute for argument has long characterised the theoretical debates of the left, but it is difficult to see why Callinicos should have chosen this technique in preference to, say, a defence of the 'notion that social formations have a necessary structure depending on the relations of production prevailing within them'. Difficult, that is, unless one takes seriously the point made by Hirst when he argues that precisely such arguments have 'enslaved and enfeebled' Marxism. Callinicos, perhaps unwittingly, provides the latest example of such enslavement and feebleness.

21 Arlington Square, London N1

From Andrew Robertson

Your philosophy reviewer, Alex Callinicos, does little for his reputation by spelling Ockham thus, unless William of Occam of razor fame is not being invoked as Hirst's alter ego - which might be as well.

11 Abercorn Close, London NW8

The Quango . . .

From David Lane, chairman of the Commission for Racial Equality

Your article 'The Quango as referee' (NS 13 July) was full of inaccuracies and gave a distorted picture of the CRE. Several of us, both Commissioners and staff, had spent hours in frank discussions with the authors. I am sorry that their treatment turned out to be so selective, as if they had twisted the discussions to fit their own preconceptions.

As a Commission we are not in a state of perpetual tug-of-war, as your article implied. At Commission meetings we thoroughly air any differences of opinion and almost invariably reach a consensus. There have been only one or two formal votes, on relatively minor matters, in our 27 meetings so far. (Your paragraph about 'sus' contained a double inaccuracy, as it misrepresented the views both of myself and of other Commissioners.) As for the 'tea party' principle, our job is both law enforcement and persuasion; we would be foolish if we concentrated wholly on coercion and neglected the scope for co-operation.

I do not agree that we have been unable to 'make helpful contracts' locally and have failed to consult CRCs properly or to tackle the 'CRC problem', and when we have already succeeded in raising substantially the volume of our financial support for self-help groups, there is no question of our wanting to hold back the self-help movement.

Of course the Commission tries to maintain the

co-operation of the organisations which it is investigating. The idea that a hostile approach would expedite our enquiries is naive to the point of absurdity. Most major respondents co-operate in full, in spite of the work involved for them. They are not all, as your journalists appear to think, criminals anxious to conceal their crimes. Some of them believe that they have nothing to hide: others quite genuinely accept that discrimination is widespread, that it may be occurring within their own organisations, and that if so, it is in everyone's interests that it should be identified and stopped. But some respondents are uncooperative, and if they refuse to provide relevant evidence, and if they persist in this refusal, the Commission uses its subpoena powers. In three cases already it has used these powers, and in another it has fought off an application in the High Court for an injunction to prevent it from seeing certain witnesses. All of this was made known to your journalists (except the third and most recent case of the Commission's use of its subpoena powers), but for reasons of their own they chose to ignore it.

It is not the case that lengthy negotiations precede most formal investigations. In most major investigations there is a single meeting with the respondent beforehand to explain what is happening. In very few indeed has there been more than one meeting. One of these was the Massey-Ferguson Perkins investigation, which the Commission began on an informal basis. There was no question of a cover-up, for it was agreed with the company that there would be a public report. Moreover the Commission's Equal Opportunities Committee made it clear that it would review the position at regular intervals and convert the enquiry to a formal investigation if it felt that this would be the best way to proceed; and this in fact was what was done. Your article implied that the decision to proceed informally was made by myself and Peter Sanders, and was overturned when word got back to the Commissioners. In fact, the first decision was made by the Commission's Equal Opportunities Committee, and the second by the full Commission on the recommendation of the same Committee. Similarly the position ascribed to Peter Sanders and myself on the immigration investigation is the position adopted by the full Commission, and which was set out in a press release of which your journalists were well aware.

Most investigations will inevitably be prolonged, and there are many reasons for this, among them the complexity of the law and of the issues being investigated, the cumbersome procedures laid down in Section 49 (4) of the Race Relations Act, and the requirements of natural justice.

As we state frankly in our 1978 Annual Report, published last week, we have made fair progress in two years but we are far from satisfied. Both we and others still have a great deal to do to overcome discrimination and other causes of disadvantage. Racial harmony will be impossible without racial justice. As we proceed, we shall welcome constructive and fair-minded criticism and shall try to benefit from it. I hope that any future articles which you publish on race relations will be more worthy of the subject and of the NEW STATESMAN.

Elliot House, 10-12 Allington Street, London SW1

. . . as referee

From Kate Francis, Executive Officer of the National Association of Community Relations Councils

Anna Coote and Mike Phillips make some timely criticisms of the CRE and Community Relations Councils. But, because they are misinformed about the exact nature of CRCs and the underlying causes of the Commission's ineptitude, they have missed the chance of making a really constructive attack.

The 1965 White Paper was the first - and last - official government document that had anything to say in detail about how liaison committees (subsequently Community Relations Councils and now, increasingly, Councils for Racial Equality) might

operate and what their relationship with the relevant quango should be. No mention is made of them in any legislation. It is important to understand this because the very real disabilities from which many CRCs suffer - accurately described as 'trouble . . . with their own identity' - spring not from any statutory obligation placed upon them, because there is none, but from the insistence of the NCCI (1965-1968) and the Community Relations Commission (1968-1977), through 'expert' advice and the application of entirely discretionary funding conditions, that they should work to achieve 'harmonious community relations' by acting as forums where different elements in the community could meet, learn more about each other, and discuss what should be done to improve the condition of black minority groups. It did not take local activists long to realise that the structure was unworkable and unrealistic - unworkable because forums, by definition, cannot give the essential cohesive base from which successful campaigns must be launched; and unrealistic because discrimination and inequality in key areas such as employment, housing and education - not the pursuit of harmony - are the obvious targets for any group committed to achieving racial equality.

The CRE has enormous difficulty in first deciding and secondly implementing any working policy outside the legislatively defined areas of conducting investigations and assisting complainants. The symptoms are obvious to those of us in regular contact: inability to make decisions, failure to respond to initiatives, confusion and delay. It is tempting, and not entirely wrong, to interpret this as commitment to consensus and conspiracy to confuse. Sadly the truth usually lies closer to managerial cock-up allied to managerial indecision. It is one thing exhorting a well-oiled machine to change direction, it is quite another to exhort a jelly-fish that is going roughly the right way to stop being a jelly-fish and start being something else. But that is what we have to do.

Mary Ward House, 5-7 Tavistock Place, London WC1

Vietnam's 'defensive measure' against Chinese

From Anthony Barnett

For reasons of space the following paragraph had to be dropped from my article on the 'boat people' (NS 20 July). I would be grateful if it could be placed on the records:

An analogy has been drawn between the fate of Vietnam's ethnic Chinese and the Jews in Nazi Germany. A truer comparison would be with the expulsion by Czechoslovakia after 1945 of more than three million Sudeten Germans. Socialists especially cannot endorse administrative measures taken against a racial minority. But they can distinguish between fascist extermination and a defensive measure taken by the victim of aggression. Which is why the Great Powers at Potsdam endorsed the Czech moves.

14A Goodwin's Court, 55 St. Martin's Lane, London WC2

Lowest of the Low

From Penelope Mortimer

I am sorry that Miss Manning, in her review of *About Time* (NS 13 July), found my relatives so unmemorable. It is solely to prevent my father's ashes churning in his urn that I must protest at her lapse of memory in calling him 'High Church'. If she can bear to return to the book for a few moments, she will recall that, ecclesiastically speaking, he was the lowest of the Low, refusing to deck himself out in anything more fancy than a surplice and black stole, and believing church candles to be as decadent as Rome.

This may seem an insignificant error; but to those whose memories are still functioning, it's an unfortunate one.

The Old Post Office, Chastleton, Moreton-in-Marsh, Glos.

In a weekly column such as mine, questions of tone and good taste are all important. In a regular offering of limpid prose prominently placed in the first half of a respectable magazine, nothing must shock, nothing must agitate, or all is lost. One word out of place and the reader starts to wonder what on earth he is in for next. It is for this reason that I have always set my face resolutely against anything that has about it even the faintest suggestion of being 'smut'. From the age of twelve on, I was warned, and almost daily, of the dangers of 'smut' and it is a warning which, as you see, I have heeded. No seed of advice ever fell or blossomed on richer soil. And therefore, when I pass on to you, as I am about to do, a risqué story, I do so merely in order to demonstrate what people can get up to who have not heeded 'smut' warnings and whose seeds have blossomed in quite other directions. And so, late in the day though it may be for such persons, this selfless disregarding of my principles is really intended as a further warning for the less fortunate.

This risqué story centres on Henley, whose river activities are at their apogee as I write. As the point of the story involves, as I said 'smut', I naturally do not understand it, but some of you may be able to work it out for yourselves or get it explained to you by somebody who was never warned about 'smut'. So, for better or worse, here goes. I gather that at Henley it is the custom among hearty rowing men who have just won a race to celebrate victory by throwing into the river the cox who has been steering their boat and loudly abusing them and bossing them about and urging them on to greater efforts and so on. A watery dip is by way of reducing him to size (usually rather small). An American visitor, seeing from a distance some boisterous horse-play going on, asked what was happening. 'Oh', was the reply, 'the crew are just putting their cox into the river. It's an old Henley custom'. The American looked very nonplussed and walked away muttering 'Ask a silly question, get a silly answer.' There you are. Make of it what you will. To the pure, all things are pure and I, of course, am totally baffled by the pleasantries and can hardly ask Canon Mountjoy, a man of the world if ever I saw one, for an explanation. Nor do I wish one. In this case, ignorance is bliss.

I have in my life been reluctantly present on two occasions as a juvenile at adult rowing races, each occasion bringing with it its own little moment of personal disaster. The first one was indeed at Henley. We lived at the time in Berkshire and kind friends, inviting me to a summer picnic, failed to preface the word 'picnic' with the adjective 'boating'. Had they done so, instant refusal and for a reason that I will shortly supply, would have been the result. However, once I had accepted, there was no backing out. Cars deposited us at some Thames-side boathouse or other and we were rapidly settled in various craft and moored alongside some floating piece of wood (can it be called a 'boom'?) beyond which the merry rowers were to row. We had with us assorted liquids. We had one of those enormously heavy, wedding-present wicker picnic hampers stuffed with indispensable lunch items

such as cold salmon. We had, too, Miss Gertrude Lawrence, if only in circular wax form and on a gramophone record and singing a Gershwin number called 'Do Do Do' which blared forth, unmindful of the musical tastes of our neighbours, from an HMV red leather portable requiring constant cranking. And in next to no time at all, I began to feel seasick. Craft of varying displacements surged to and fro upon the water and the odious boat in which I sat was never at rest.

This really outstanding talent to be sick in any circumstances, however unpromising, and on every occasion, however improbable, had been with me since quite a little tot and it continued well into youth and never let me down. It was a talent equal to any challenge. To be sick in omnibuses, motor-cars, trains, taxis and the underground was, of course, mere child's play. I had been splendidly sick on the roundabout at a fair, and I had managed some spectacular heavings after bicycling rather too speedily over a humpback bridge. I had twice been sick during sermons, a great gain, and had been happily hurried out. I had been sick, for no known reason but excitement, over the front row of the dress circle of the dear old King's Theatre, Hammersmith, during the matinee of a pantomime ('What's that on your hat, Sylvia?'). So to be sick at Henley presented no sort of problem to a gift such as mine and the oars of the winning crew of the next race received, as they flashed by, an unexpected and colourful pink tribute. In closing I will just say that to be sick at Henley does not make for wide popularity.

My next presence at competitive rowing took place at Cambridge where, to aid me in my mastery of the German language, I had an admirable supervisor called Miss Wilkinson, a lady of, compared with mine, fairly mature years and whose entire emotional life seemed to be centred on a small female dog. The dog's breed was far from clearly defined but it looked as though it came from some remote section of the mysterious East and it bore, in its whiskery and watery-eyed way, quite a

Roger Woddiss

Poor bleeders

Euro-MPs are seeking expenses of more than £20,000 a year.

There was a Strasbourg starveling once,

A European MP;

He pinched and scraped to make ends meet,

No mouse so poor as he.

And this, while fighting back the tears,

Would be his plaintive plea:

'You talk of people who can't get by,

But nobody thinks of me.

'They give me sixty pounds a day,

Each day that I attend,

And on this low subsistence pay

I must make do and mend.

No postman, nurse or clerk would work

For such a slender fee;

Another twenty-odd thousand pounds

Seems hardly enough to me.'

resemblance to the wife of Dr Fu Manchu. Its name was Kurt, which your knowledge of English, if not of German, will tell you means 'short'. Kurt is, in fact, a male German Christian name, as we know from its connection with Weill, but it suffered here a sex-change, or possibly its canine owner was modishly bisexual. Short indeed she was, if not positively stunted, and looked not unlike a ball of brown wool that had started to unravel. Kurt went everywhere with Miss Wilkinson and I was not surprised to find her present in the car when dear Miss W arranged for us a picnic *à deux* during May. Here again, the fact that it was to be a river picnic was concealed from me, though fortunately we remained in this case on dry land. Miss Wilkinson, conscientiously larding her conversation with German phrases to help me in my oral work, had wrongly assumed that I would wish to watch the college rowing races, a feature of May Week, and so we sat at some central point of the river bank where the boats were assembling and, while dispensing delicious food and drink (chilled Hock, naturally), she asked me to point out my college boat. Alas, I couldn't. I had not the very faintest idea which it was and Miss Wilkinson was giving me rather a reproachful look when there was, fortunately, a diversion.

We had both of us underestimated the power of nature and of Mrs Fu Manchu. Tiring of our company, Kurt had wandered off and had found new friends and was now the centre of a laughing four-legged group. She obviously had an allure which, though not immediately apparent to the human eye, rendered her in the canine world the Jean Harlow of the river bank. *Troublante* she was. There used to be in those days, and perhaps there still is, a dog repellent called Keep Away, or some such name— an ointment which you applied to doggie where it would do most good. Miss Wilkinson, the picture of innocence, had plainly never heard of Keep Away. Neither Goethe nor Schiller made the slightest mention of Keep Away. Nobody in Lessing's immensely boring plays ever went out to buy a jumbo tin of Keep Away. None of those tuneful *lieder* touched on the stuff.

It was clear that to keep anybody, let alone an exciting new friend, away from her was Kurt's last intention. Her behaviour can only be described as obliging. What are friends for, she seemed to be thinking, but to be obliged? By the time we realised what was happening, had risen from the grass and had hastened to her side, Kurt was obliging a third friend, a vast bulldog which, though ill suited to her, was managing splendidly. Miss Wilkinson bravely disentangled Kurt from her current paramour and let out a wild cry of 'We're too late'. But even then, at this crisis moment, she remembered ('*Wir sind zu spät*') to translate it, bless her, into German.

This South Africa

□ South Africa says another race barrier has been broken in sport. Anybody— white, black or brown— can now enter amphibians for the country's frog-jumping Olympics.

The opening of the Olympics promoted a message to frog owners of any race from Mr Piet Koornhof, Minister of Sport, who said: 'This year's South African Olympiad can be regarded as a historical event in frog jumping in South Africa because it is the first time that frogs will be entered by all population groups.' — *Daily Telegraph* (Russell Holmes)

BOOKS IN GENERAL

David Caute

Alone of All His Profession

A year ago, on 18 July 1978, the publishing house of Hamish Hamilton took an unprecedented step with far-reaching implications for British writers. It signed what is in effect an industrial Agreement with the Writers Guild, a trade union affiliated to the TUC, representing authors, playwrights and screenwriters. No other British book publisher has so far signed such an Agreement.

The document, which contains 20 clauses, should raise the spirits of every author who reads it. By an entirely voluntary initiative, Hamish Hamilton, a subsidiary of the Thomson Organisation, bound itself, when negotiating individual contracts with members of the Guild, to grant them terms not less favourable than those spelt out in the Agreement. The man mainly responsible for this enlightened leap into the 20th century is HH's 40-year-old Managing Director, Christopher Sinclair-Stevenson. Today, looking back over the first year of the Agreement in operation, he counts it a success.

Sinclair-Stevenson is himself the author of four books of which the most recent is *Blood Royal: the Illustrious House of Hanover*, and this fact, as he admits, may have helped to liberate him from the rather self-satisfied paternalism currently widespread among the big boys of London publishing. (Not that he describes his colleagues in such terms; although he wanted to give a lead, to set an example of progressive publishing, he is not by nature a proselytiser – it was *they* who chided *him* for breaking ranks by admitting the wolf's paw of trade unionism through his door.)

To understand the significance of the Agreement between the Writers Guild and Hamish Hamilton one must first appreciate the extent to which writers of books who are newcomers to the profession or lack bargaining power are ripped off. Compare the standard printed contracts which most publishers present to the innocent author with the kind of agreement they will grant an author who knows how to negotiate, and you may be staggered by the contrast. This is one reason why many publishers resisted the rise of the literary agents so stubbornly, while bemusing grateful authors with gentlemanly lunches in Charlotte Street.

But there are two reasons why literary agents do not necessarily solve the inexperienced writer's problems. There are a lot of agents around nowadays, but not all of them are equally good or equally dedicated to the interests of their humbler, less lucrative clients. Apart from that, the new author may well find it impossible to acquire an agent; first novelists and young academics clutching a precious manuscript often go through the dispiriting process of being rejected by a succession of agents before being rejected by a succession of publishers.

The philosophy behind the Guild's Agreement is quite elementary – to offer book

writers the same kind of collective protection already achieved by film, television and radio writers. (All individual TV drama contracts are subject to the annual Agreements negotiated between the Guild and the BBC and independent television companies, just as minimum radio drama fees are negotiated between the BBC and a joint negotiating body drawn from the Guild and the Society of Authors.) There is no reason at all why the situation should be any different in book publishing; agents representing film, television and radio writers have long since learned



Christopher Sinclair-Stevenson

that these industrial agreements help rather than hinder their efforts on behalf of their individual clients.

Unfortunately, the Association of Authors' Agents has not reacted sympathetically to the Guild's efforts to extend the principle to book publishing. Despite their own long struggle for recognition and respectability, the literary agents (but not all of them) have reacted with conservative hostility to what they regard as an intrusion on their own turf. Indeed, some of them have gone so far as to advise publishers not to negotiate with the Guild, claiming that the interests of authors are best served by absolute flexibility of bargaining (otherwise known as horse trading). Here again, one need only compare the Guild's clauses with many of the contracts negotiated by certain agents to discover where absolute flexibility may lead.

Another comparison is equally instructive: the contrast between the terms of the Guild-Hamish Hamilton Agreement and the terms of Hamish Hamilton's old printed contract.

Although the Guild would have preferred that the Agreement should apply to all HH's authors, Christopher Sinclair-Stevenson, realising that some authors vomit at the thought of trade unions, understandably decided to limit its applicability to Guild members. During the past year he has signed at least six contracts under its terms. Nevertheless, all his authors will now benefit since he is in process of revising his standard printed contract to bring it into close conformity with the Guild Agreement. And every clause revised, as he readily agrees, measures a step forward for the author. Beyond that, agents representing non-Guild writers are already latching on to clauses in the Guild Agreement: 'You couldn't decently give my client less, could you?'

Under the Guild Agreement, the publisher is granted only a 10-year licence. But HH's printed contract, like that of most other publishers, demands a licence for the full period of copyright (which means for 50 years after the author's death). The Guild writer can thus re-negotiate after 10 years and require a new advance payment against royalties, as well as higher royalty rates. Under the Guild Agreement all rights revert to the author if the publisher fails to publish within a stated period.

The Guild Agreement guarantees to the writer a minimum royalty of 10 per cent of the published price on the first 2,500 copies sold, 12½ per cent on the next 2,500 copies and 15 per cent thereafter. In general, even highly successful authors would be pleased to obtain such terms. The 10 per cent starting royalty is not unusual, but the rapid gradation to higher rates certainly is. The Guild Agreement also guarantees an unusually favourable royalty rate on copies sold overseas at a discount (which may account for up to half the copies sold).

Under the terms of the Guild-HH Agreement, money advanced on signature of a contract is non-returnable. It is extremely rare for publishers to concede this vital point. Furthermore, that part of the advance which is payable on delivery of the completed manuscript must be paid provided 'the work is conscientiously carried out and meets the technical requirements of the contract' (the Agreement contains an arbitration clause in the event of a dispute). One can hardly over-stress the importance of this provision, since it is not uncommon for publishers to reject a commissioned book because others on the same subject have recently been published or – by no means unknown – because the editor who originally commissioned the book has left the firm, taking his enthusiasm for the project with him. Thus publishers may well demand the return of monies that the author has been living off for several years.

Paperback rights. In financial terms, this clause is undoubtedly the most spectacular advance from the writer's point of view. It guarantees him/her 60 per cent of the first £5,000 from paperback royalties, and 70 per cent above £5,000. Not so long ago British publishers were maintaining a cartel-like solidarity in defence of a 50-50 split.

The Guild-HH Agreement, furthermore, states that 'the writer shall be a signatory to the paperback contract'. Even for successful writers, this is virtually unprecedented, and is designed to prevent the product, the book, being marketed like a bar of soap by the hardback publisher who has acquired volume

rights. If you write books, when did you ever actually see the paperback publisher's royalty statement?

Clause 13 states that the writer shall be consulted about the blurb, copy editing, illustrations, publication date and jacket design. Of course, many publishers observe these civilised consultations, but not all.

Writers who customarily have to pay out of their own pockets for the illustrations in their books will recognise the value of HH's commitment to meet all such expenses. Similarly, authors who have seen their miserly six free copies vanish into the outstretched hands of family and friends, will be stunned to hear, as even the Guild's hardened negotiators were stunned to hear, that Christopher Sinclair-Stevenson believes in presenting authors with 20 free copies. (Address: 57, Long Acre, just next to Covent Garden tube station.)

But why is Sinclair-Stevenson the only Managing Director to have hitherto signed the Guild's Agreement (which is always open to negotiation)? It seems that a majority of publishers take the view that their relationship with their author-clients is entirely a private matter, immune from 'outside' interference. Others, more amenable to friendly discussion, tend to take refuge in the formula: We do all this anyway, so why sign a document? (In fact they don't: Hamish Hamilton's commitment to pay the author interest at the rate of one per cent above the Bank of England minimum lending rate, in the event of an overdue royalty payment, is unique – yet late payments are the rule rather than the exception.)

Of course many writers harbour perfectly reasonable fears about the eventual emergence of a closed shop, a nightmare situation already realised in Eastern Europe, with a single monolithic Union, manipulated by a dictatorial elite, determining which books shall and shall not be published. Far from pooh-poohing such apprehensions, the present writer shares them; monopolies are excellent breeding beds for cliques with sectarian seeds to sow. But the solution, surely, is to recognise the inevitability of contradictions within any progressive movement, to influence the situation by active participation, and to resist the temptation – widespread among writers – to sulk in attic or cottage, shooting off messages of doom to (I was going to say *The Times*). Postures of principle are sometimes merely the gloss on mean calculation, a way of avoiding paying an annual subscription to the Society of Authors or, in the case of the Guild, one per cent of literary earnings. It is time, incidentally, that these two bodies buried their differences and amalgamated.

In the meantime, writers might be wise to take their manuscripts and projects to Hamish Hamilton. No doubt many will be disappointed since the firm publishes only 100 general titles a year, plus 100 for children and about 30 under the Elm Tree imprint. If Christopher Sinclair-Stevenson finds himself buried under a mountain of parcels, he will be reminded that conspicuous virtue exacts its price.

Among this week's contributors:

DAVID CAUTE is a member of the Executive Council and Books Committee of the Writers Guild.

ERIC PAICE has contributed a dozen plays and around 300 series episodes to the TV networks over the past 20 years.

New Statesman 27 July 1979

Claire Herschfeld

Feel Free

Women Under Communism by BARBARA WOLFE JANCAR *Johns Hopkins University* £11.25

Bolshevik Feminist: The Life of Alexandra Kollontai by BARBARA EVANS CLEMENTS *Indiana University* £10.50

Feminism and Socialism in China by ELISABETH CROLL *Routledge* £8.95

Women in the 'socialist' countries are not liberated. Indeed, only the Soviet government still claims that they are. In the Soviet Union, women are barred from the mines, from driving buses. These are heavy (and well-paid) jobs, unsuitable for women. However, it is the women who shovel snow off the streets, dig the holes in the road, build houses in freezing conditions – all equally heavy (but badly paid) jobs. On the collective farms the men drive the tractors, the women dig the fields. In the professions, women are channelled into those regarded as 'more suited to women's inclinations' – into teaching and health, in Eastern Europe comparatively poorly paid and badly regarded occupations. They do not go into engineering – the profession from which almost all party leaders come. Only one woman, Furtseva, has ever sat on the Politburo of the CPSU, and only one woman,

Chiang Ch'ing (Madame Mao), has ever been a full member of the Chinese Politburo.

Barbara Jancar's book *Women Under Communism* is an excellently clear and comprehensive survey of the position of women in the Soviet Union, China and Eastern Europe. It has facts and it has ideas. In spite of Jancar's right-wing bias, this is a very useful book. However, as is perhaps inevitable in a work of so large a scope, it also has its howlers. One might pass off 'Mrs Helen Thatcher, leader of the British Conservative Party' as a printing error, but then, almost immediately afterwards, one meets Bulat Okudzhava, one of the 'most remarkable women in Soviet history'. Indeed. Bulat Okudzhava is perhaps the most popular singer in the Soviet Union today. He sings ballads about the war. He has a balding head, a moustache and a deep voice and is definitely a man.

Why aren't women liberated under 'socialism'? The Bolsheviks in Russia and the Maoists in China were the first parties ever to come to power firmly pledged to a programme of women's liberation. In both countries the revolutionary periods were periods of emancipation. In pre-revolutionary Russia, Alexandra Kollontai, with her demands for a party women's bureau, had been a lone voice crying in the wilderness. The Bolsheviks regarded any organisation of women with extreme hostility and suspicion as a 'separatist' and 'bourgeois feminist' deviation. However, 'the Russian revolution was begun by hungry women and children demanding bread and herrings!' After 1917 women couldn't be ignored. A women's bureau (the Zhenotdel) was set up, divorce was legalised, civil mar-

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Gavin Ewart, *The Observer*

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D.J. Enwright, *The Listener*

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TALES MY FATHER TAUGHT ME Osbert Sitwell

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Illustrations by Sir Osbert Sitwell

MICHAEL JOSEPH

riage instituted and equality proclaimed.

The Zhenotdel had a great deal of success in getting women to take advantage of the new legislation, in spite of being kept very strictly under the party thumb. Alexandra Kollontai, in charge from 1920, played a leading role in this. Clements's biography is well balanced, but tepid, stuffed with jejune value judgments and cosy and condescending historical facts. The result is a *Reader's Digest* history of the Russian revolution rather than a biography of Kollontai. Kollontai was extreme, unreliable, vivid, controversial, a marvellous speaker – anything but tepid. On the one hand, she was the only person consistently to advocate the organisation of women, the only person to consider the question of women's sexuality. On the other hand, she was politically unreliable – an idealist – and one can see why the Bolsheviks distrusted her. Her inability to adapt her utopian ideas to political reality was shown not only by her opposition to Brest Litovsk, and her membership of the Workers' Opposition, but also by her attempt, as Commissar for Social Welfare, to turn the Aleksandr Nevsky Monastery, one of the holiest shrines in Russia and a place of pilgrimage, into a hospital for wounded soldiers. The greatest achievement of Zhenotdel lay in persuading the veiled Moslem women of central Asia to cast off their veils and campaign against polygamy, bride-price and child-marriage.

The emancipation of women played a much more important part in the policies of the Chinese Communist Party because, together with the redistribution of land, it was seen as the main instrument in destroying the old system and establishing Communist control. In contrast to the Bolsheviks, the Chinese Communist Party emphasised that 'the emancipation of women is first and foremost the business of women', and set up its own Women's Federation as early as 1923. Elizabeth Croll's *Feminism and Socialism in China* gives a vivid picture of what the Communists were up against – a society ruled for 3,000 years by the principles of Yin, representing the earth, passive, inferior, evil and female, and Yang, representing heaven, active, superior, virtuous and male. In the Confucian system, the woman was the slave of her father, husband, father-in-law and revengeful mother-in-law, confined to the house, her feet bound, broken and crippled 'to prevent barbarous running around'. A man might keep concubines, but if his wife committed adultery, he could murder her with impunity. Her only escape was suicide. The marriage law of 1950 which proclaimed freedom of marriage and divorce, was thus truly revolutionary. Divorce cases brought by women for polygamy, cruelty, forced-marriage, child-marriage, flooded the Chinese courts.

These advances were made during revolutions, periods when the social fabric had broken down. In the years afterwards, as stabilisation and economic growth became the priority, the new regimes became more authoritarian and retreated on the question of the family. In the Soviet Union all ideas of its withering away had gone by 1926 (Kollontai had been packed off to Sweden as a diplomat). The new marriage law recognised the monogamous family as the basic unit of society. In China the 1950 marriage law proved too great a leap forward. Either husbands murdered their wives if they mentioned

divorce, or the divorced wives, finding themselves social pariahs, committed suicide. After the short-lived communal experiments of the late Fifties the government encouraged a gradual evolution towards the conventional nuclear family. From then on fluctuations in women's policy were determined by the needs of the state, not of women. In the Soviet Union, women were mobilised into the economy purely for the sake of production. To start with, they were largely illiterate, and so were naturally given the unskilled, low-paid jobs. At the same time, insufficient attention was given to the communal services needed to liberate women from the home. Working women were, and still are, expected to bear all the burden of cooking, housework, looking after the children.

This 'double shift' has prevented the majority of women from rising, or wanting to rise, beyond the middle echelons in their careers. Women have been forced to have fewer and fewer children. In 1975 there were 10 million abortions in the Soviet Union and only 4 million live births. The government, horrified at the decline in the birth-rate, reacted by propping up the family, instituting motherhood medals, child allowances, etc, thus reinforcing the double shift. It is demography alone which has determined the fluctuations in the policy on abortion in the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe. The Chinese government's policies towards women are also determined by demography – the other way round. In an attempt to decrease the birth-rate, they have not only encouraged women to go out to work, but also reinstated ideas of chastity which derive from the Confucian ethic.

In all the 'socialist' countries, the state is active, women passive. In 1929 the Soviet government abolished the Zhenotdel and declared women emancipated. Since then the organisation of women has been limited to a figurehead committee headed today by the cosmonaut Valentina Tereshkova. China comes out rather better – it still has a women's organisation and the need for further emancipation is still recognised. However, the Women's Federation remains very much the Party's puppet – destroyed on its whim during the cultural revolution in 1966, revived by it in about 1970 and used by it in the campaign against Lin Piao, who was accused of saying 'women think only of how to get oil, salt, sugar, soy sauce and firewood'. Croll's book contains no criticism of this Party control. Very well written, extremely entertaining, it degenerates, especially towards the end, into a Maoist account, a sea of Stalinist stories about Madame X the liberated cabbage grower, etc.

In the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe women are equal before the law. They have been mobilised into the economy. This has not brought liberation. Men do not look on women as their equals, women do not think of themselves as equal to men. They are wives and mothers first, workers second. Politics is for men. In the Western capitalist countries women form a smaller although rapidly increasing percentage of the workforce – 40 per cent in the US as compared to 51 per cent in the Soviet Union. They too occupy very few top political and management positions.

The experience of the 'socialist' countries shows that women cannot be wholly liberated until the contradiction between home and work is resolved. This can only be done by the establishment of social institutions to replace

the family, in a genuinely socialist society. The self-organisation of women, within or without a political party, is an indispensable ingredient of the struggle for this society.

John Campbell

The Safety Margin

Watershed in India, 1914-22 by ALGERNON RUMBOLD *Athlone Press* £14

Sir Algernon Rumbold is an old India Office man, and his book is the India Office view of why we lost India. It is not a personal memoir, since he locates the critical loss of will a decade before he himself entered the service in 1929; it is, on the contrary, a scrupulously scholarly work of history, drawing on the full range of private and official sources. At the same time, it is very much a civil servant's history, with all the qualities and limitations which that implies.

On the one hand, it is written with marvellous clarity, in strong but elegant prose that knows what it wants to say and says it, often pungently; the defect of this quality, however, is the author's absolute self-assurance, a mandarin certainty that has every actor in the story succinctly sized up, and knows exactly what mistakes were made and how they should have been avoided, making clear (retrospective) recommendations without a hint of the possibility of error. Sir Algernon does not underestimate the problems the Raj faced, but he knows the answers. He must have written the most compelling memoranda.

More serious from a historical point of view is the narrowness of his India Office field of vision. He sees India purely as a problem of government for the Secretary of State in London in distant partnership with the Viceroy and his provincial satraps on the ground in India. Thus, no more than they did at the time can he, even now, take the phenomenon of Indian nationalism seriously as a real, indigenous and ineluctable force. He persistently writes down his nose, as it were, or 'disturbances' which are always 'whipped up by a rootless minority of Westernised agitators'. Elsewhere he suggests that 'the bad manners of the British and their disdain for educated Indians served more than anything else to provide Indian nationalism with leaders'.

This is intended, of course, to establish his sympathy with the Indians, yet the effect of this explanation is still to leave the initiative solely with the British. If only they had handled Indian susceptibilities more skilfully, there was no reason why the Raj should ever have ended, in which case, he concludes with heroic implausibility, 'the middle of the 20th century might not have seen the massive move of dependent peoples to sovereignty'.

The British Empire, in this view, was undone not by anything the Indians did, but by an unnecessary and culpable loss of nerve on the part of the British during and just after

the first world war. The chief criminal is Lloyd George's Liberal Secretary of State from 1917 to 1922, Edwin Montagu, who not only gave his name to the famous Declaration of August 1917, made at a low point in the war when it was vital for both practical and propaganda reasons that India be kept happy, holding out the vague and distant promise of eventual self-government within the Empire (a cheque which the Indians naturally wished to cash after the war rather sooner than the British Government had intended), but also in part-payment of that pledge forced through a distracted Cabinet and a doubtful House of Commons in 1919 the nonsensical system of 'dyarchy' in the Indian provinces; and then hesitated to deal firmly with Gandhi and the advanced section of Congress when they refused to work it and agitated for 'swaraj' instead.

The result of Edwin Montagu's 'reluctance to accept his responsibility as master of an autocratic regime', as Sir Algernon unflinchingly calls it, was that the poor simple Indians were confused. Sir Algernon's theme is that the Indians acquiesced quite contentedly in British autocracy, so long as it was sufficiently autocratic. Or as Sir Michael O'Dwyer, the Governor of the Punjab, straightforwardly expressed it in 1918:

History shows that there are no people so easy to rule as long as they know how they stand and what their government expects from them. On the other hand, there are no people so quick to be affected, especially in these days, by any hesitation or indecision on the part of their government. Do anything to weaken or shake the authority of that government, and you will be appalled to find how small is the margin of safety, how thin the partition that divides order from disorder.

Montagu and his two Viceroy, Chelmsford (weak) and Reading (too subtle), by their inappropriate constitutional devices and their toleration of a level of lawbreaking which their predecessors would never have permitted, did shake the authority of the Indian government; they allowed to be called in question not only the long-term future of the Raj but even its determination to rule in the short term. Not until Gandhi was finally arrested in March 1922, at the express insistence of the Cabinet in London, accompanied by a strong assertion of imperial will by Lloyd George himself, was this period of fatal ambiguity ended; and by then it was too late. 'Assumptions that had remained unquestioned for decades were under challenge, and men wondered where their interests lay.' The Raj had shown that it would yield before a little shallow agitation; the agitators were therefore encouraged, the confidence of the masses that loyalty would be rewarded undermined, and an eventual British retreat, undreamed of in 1914, was suddenly inevitable.

It is a simple thesis, too simple to be swallowed whole, but it is perhaps half true. One can accept that it was indeed in these years 1917-21 that the British King-Emperor was first revealed to have no clothes, without agreeing that the pretence could have been kept up for ever if the unsuitability of Montagu to his office had not drawn attention to the fact. Sir Algernon's touching disbelief in the inevitability of the outcome should not be allowed to detract from the style and lucidity of his insider's account of the beginnings of the process.

New Statesman 27 July 1979

Christopher Hitchens

Oil and Vinegar

Arabia Through the Looking Glass by JONATHAN RABAN *Collins* £6.95.

The Gulf: Arabia's Western Approaches by MOLLY IZZARD *John Murray* £8.50

In his *Tristes Tropiques*, Lévi-Strauss disparages 'travel writing' as a synthesis between 'useless shreds of memory' and 'pitiable recollections'. Jonathan Raban approaches his own project with the modesty which this reflection compels. What he has done is to design a travel book as a work of explanation. He succeeds marvellously well because he keeps all his promises. The point of departure is the existing Western stereotype of the Arab. As everybody knows by now, there are two basic types. The first is fat and lecherous and indecently wealthy, and can be spotted stripping the shelves of expensive stores. When arrested for shoplifting, he always has a fortune in small bills about his voluminously cloaked person. He can be cartooned and lampooned with a hook nose in a way which used to be more fashionable than it now is. The second type is lean and wild eyed, with optional dark glasses. He is fanatical and bloodthirsty and somehow manages always to stay three days away from a shave. The two images blend in a welter of sodomy, hand-lobbing and parsimony about oil deposits.

Now for everybody who ever thought Iranians were Arabs or that Ayatollah was a Christian name, Jonathan Raban has cast himself as our Candide and been out to take a look. The result is one of the funniest and cleverest voyages on record. Raban deliberately starts himself *tabula rasa*; decides to go with the flow; soon the painful calligraphy becomes graceful and fluent Arabic.

Is it necessary for a writer of travelogue to be in sympathy with his subject? Arguably not – at all events Raban had no previous inclination, romantic or otherwise, towards Arabia. And he started off in the least compelling countries – the hot, arid states of the Gulf, where pre-stressed concrete and teeming immigrant labour are creating a dusty new landscape which is almost entirely camel-and-sherbetless. But his good temper seems limitless, and he never condescends.

His preferred method as raconteur is the reproduction of conversations with himself in the straight-man role. There are running gags too, notably his unquenchable fear of the dreaded bilharzia snails 'which begin by infecting the soles of one's feet and end up by destroying one's brain. My doctor in London had suggested that it would be a good idea to go everywhere in the Middle East in gumboots, just to be on the safe side'.

Self-effacing, constantly threatened with embarrassment, his favoured mode the ironic, he is the sort of person who gets asked by Americans to say all that again in his wonderful accent. One assumes that some of the episodes are written to parody the type. If so, it isn't intrusive.

Raban describes Cairo as 'a postal district of that nameless metropolis of which I have always felt myself to be a ratepaying citizen.

Old, top-heavy, slow, full of subtle sleights and corruptions, it looked and smelled like home'. Cairo and its amazing coexistence of two nations is then very acutely evoked; the variety and the vitality of the populace under the smarmy veneer of Sadat's 'open door' regime. Raban has switched gear here, and become the polite Englishman who is not as naïve as he looks. The political asides start to acquire a more acid quality; there are fewer throwaways. Occasionally he strains for effect in depicting the grossness of the Cairene commercial classes; to compare a photograph of a lavish beauty contest with 'the scale of a napalm bombing raid' is a pointless loss of proportion. But the depictions of café society and political sub-culture are very well judged, and it's a pleasure to see the Pyramids rubbished so elegantly in a few telling paragraphs.

'The great affair', said R. L. Stevenson, 'is to move.' Raban makes it look effortless and accidental enough, but in fact he has obviously done a great deal of work without passing on too much of the cost to the consumer. By the time he loops back through Jordan, he has covered more than a lot of ground. And his remarks about anti-Arab prejudice and ignorance are far less tentative in the closing pages than they had been in the opening ones. This is a valuable book, and a necessary one. It may be my imagination, but it seems that he deliberately reduces the number of conversations with expatriate Brits as the book goes on. At first, their amazing attitudes and immunities are very useful for counterpoint purposes, but boy, do they pall after a bit. As Sterne put it, 'an Englishman does not travel to see Englishmen'. Incidentally, if Ralph Izzard really does say things like, 'Don't you think that chap is really rather a tick?', then Raban is in error if he thinks such a tone typical of the school we apparently both went to.

Mrs Ralph Izzard, or Molly, has also reached the conclusion that the Gulf needs explaining to the West. Her book is a bold contrast to Raban's – brisk, indexed, sequential and didactic. There are sections on history and on the subtleties of Islamic sectarian differentiation. Mrs Izzard also understands the importance of geography and demography, and includes thorough chunks of explanation under both headings.

She writes very clearly and well, but without

R. Wright Campbell



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London WC1A 2SG

very much colour. It may be the subversive influence of the Raban style, but when I read that 'the Arabian coast was a bad station, a torrid and unhealthy climate that killed off Political Agents, naval officers, surveyors and seamen with horrid regularity', I felt that the 'torrid' and the 'horrid' were the basis for a Noel Coward ditty on the Gulf.

There is a theme to the book, which is that the economic 'take-off' in the area has strained and in some cases outstripped its social relations. Her anatomy of Kuwait is in some ways the best 'case study' in the book, because she relates the tensions of money and oligarchy to the problems of a 'guided democracy' and to the ever-present factor of the Palestinians. Again, to many European readers it will come as a surprise to find this reviled minority occupying so many of the key positions of entrepreneurship, as well as taking a leading role in sustaining the press and the political opposition. And doing it without benefit of citizenship because they have no *locus standi* except their own solidarity.

Mrs Izzard makes all this clear in a rather matter-of-fact way, because she has been living for years in the Gulf and has acquired a great familiarity with its style and structure. Whereas Raban conveys surprise and points out contradictions when they occur to him, she simply sets out the facts as they are. Stock phrases such as 'invaluable work of reference' spring to mind in recommending this kind of book.

Both authors also make the essential point that there is something ephemeral about Arab oil wealth; that it has the characteristics of growth without roots. This is a clue to the febrile politics and uneasy relations which stamp the region. Molly Izzard's chapter on Saudi Arabia (where the luckless Raban was unable to penetrate) is especially helpful in identifying why this is so, and in showing the importance of Islam in containing and disciplining the consequences of social tension. Both books in their different ways confirm Arabia as our latest field of necessary expertise.

Andrew Motion One Life

Up country, her husband is working late on a high cool veranda. His radio plays World Service News, but he does not listen, and does not notice how moonlight fills the plain below, with its ridge of trees and its shallow river twisting to Lagos a whole night's journey south. What holds him instead are these prizes that patience and stealthy love have caught: *papilio dardamus* – each with the blacks and whites of simple absolutes he cannot match.

She understands nothing of this – away in her distant room, she lies too sick to see the bar sign steadily print its purple letters over and over her wall, too tired to care when the silence breaks and this stranger, her friend, leans smiling above the bed. There is just one implausible thought that haunts her as clear and perfect as ever – the delicate pottery bowl she left forgotten at home, still loaded with apples and pears she knows by their English names.

Phillip Whitehead

Blacker Lies

Oilgate by MARTIN BAILEY Coronet £1.50

'No matter who you are,' said the BP ads in South Africa, 'we like to keep you moving.' Not even Saatchi and Saatchi, who have been hired to sweeten the image of this shabby multinational, could dream up a more apt slogan. Its innocent viscosity flows over the whole sorry story of sanctions-busting by British companies in their trade with Rhodesia. The story is one of breath-taking perfidy. The inability of the British parliament to ferret it out, even during two prolonged periods of Labour government, shows a deep flaw running through our system of constitutional accountability. For a long time the truth, painstakingly uncovered by Martin Bailey and Bernard Rivers, and a few other British journalists, was shrugged off. You could read plenty of details about oil supplies in the *Rand Daily Mail*. You could write a report about what you had seen on the railway from Lourenço Marques to Salisbury, as one worthy citizen Mr Ernest Fellowes actually did, and see it disappear without trace into the innermost recesses of the Foreign and Commonwealth Office.

Martin Bailey's unravelling of this tangled tale, from the discreet chats between the oil companies and the Rhodesians before UDI right up to the Sasol swap last autumn which proceeded in the teeth of BP's denials, should be required reading for anyone interested in where power really lies in this secretive society of ours. The book is sometimes confusing and repetitious in its chronology, but its message is powerful. From the beginning of sanctions against Rhodesia the great oil companies lied and lied and lied again about their trade with that country. They used South African law as an excuse. They found willing accomplices in the civil service. And they exploited a supine administration which, in David Owen's phrase when he came to clear up the mess, believed in gesture politics rather than realism. Parliament let them get away with it, having neither the means nor the will, it seems, to do otherwise.

Of course, questions were asked. When the weeks turn out to be not months but years, and petrol is still cheaper in Rhodesia than in Britain, questions have to be asked. They were eventually asked about the role of Shell Mozambique in 1967 and 1968, when the flow of refined oil into Rhodesia (over 40 per cent of it from the subsidiaries of Shell and BP) was making a mockery of the Beira patrol chugging to and fro 600 miles to the north. They were asked about the swap arrangements which replaced the direct role of Shell Mozambique for a period, and which the British government meekly accepted, and they were asked more insistently when the withdrawal of Portugal from Mozambique made many things plain. Often the oil companies asked each other questions too, receiving and passing on to ministers 'the truthful well-weighed answer, that tells the blacker lie'. While they were steadfastly denying the existence of any trade with Rhodesia they

knew exactly how the arrangements worked with the fronting company, Freight Services, which they supplied direct after the ending of the swap arrangements with Total in 1971. 'Every week Shell South Africa would send Shell Mozambique a telex giving the loading programme for the next seven days. These requirements were always split into four "countries" – South Africa, Botswana, Swaziland – and Freight Services.' Or, as the Rounce memorandum in the leaked Sandford File of internal communications from BP puts it, 'devious supply arrangements have thus been made to visibly disassociate the oil companies from any first hand and identifiable part in supply operations'.

As Anthony Sampson points out in his introduction to this book, the Oilgate scandal throws a lurid light on the policy decisions of the multinationals, and their greedy desire not to yield a drop of the Rhodesian market if that in turn meant imperilling their lucrative South African operations. 'There can be no greater blessing for South Africa,' wrote the *Financial Mail* of Johannesburg, '– apart from the fact that Iran is well-disposed – than that the oil business is still largely in the hands of international companies with no discernible leanings of excessive patriotism.' They have lost the Shah, but they do not seem to encounter many patriots in the high reaches of the oil business. The oil companies operated by reflex. They were just there to keep the oil moving. Even in 1978, after the Bingham Report was published, BP were caught out yet again in denials of fresh swap arrangements which had somehow survived.

But if the oil companies were running true to type, what are we to make of the successive governments who administered sanctions, and of the civil servants who advised them? The Callaghan government set up the Bingham Inquiry and published its findings, from which many matters of fact emerge, though not set fully in the political context of their times. We know a great deal about what the oil companies were told by their South African subsidiaries (*item* a cable from Louis Walker of Shell South Africa during the first flurry of investigations in January 1968: 'We have not despatched any products at any time in contravention of the relevant Orders in Council'). We know the attitude of the civil servants in the Ministry of Power at that time, who were concerned with the oil embargo (*item* Mr Alan Gregory, who now works for BP, said at a meeting with oil executives in May 1968 about the new swap arrangements that HMG 'would not wish to be too involved with the details'; if Ministers 'wished to sound off on this subject, the appropriate discouraging noises could be made'). We know a good deal of what George Thomson, the responsible minister, said to the bosses of Shell and BP when he called them in to discuss the unmistakable evidence of sanctions-busting on 21 February 1968, and let them off the hook.

Bingham outlined the facts, but left a lot of unanswered questions. Many of them are asked again at the conclusion of this book. How on earth did Shell and BP escape prosecution for sanctions-busting back in 1968, when the Government, from Harold Wilson downwards, were still giving out the line in the House of Commons that sanctions were 'crippling' the Rhodesian economy? How can the various conflicting statements of Lord Thomson, Michael Stewart, and Sir Harold Wilson, as to what they told each

other, and why none of them revealed it to the House, possibly be reconciled? Did civil servants collude with the oil companies in a gradual revelation to ministers of what was going on, trapping them into confused acquiescence? And what did these same civil servants see fit to tell their new masters when the Heath government came into power in 1970? Bingham had no power to send for persons and papers on this grand scale. He saw no politicians apart from Lord Thomson, and no civil servants. The proper and honourable course after Parliament had considered Bingham, therefore, was to set up a Commission of Inquiry. Such a Special Commission was indeed proposed, to investigate responsibility and to determine whether ministers or Parliament, or both, had been misled.

This proposal was for a Commission of both Houses, under a judicial chairman. It was thrown out by the House of Lords, in their last great service to parliamentary democracy in the Callaghan era, after Lord Hailsham, that scourge of elected dictatorships, had explained how dreadful it would have been to lay bare the conduct of ministers and civil servants in this way. 102 Noble Lords, some of whom might well have found themselves before the Commission, voted against the proposal, and only 58 for it. The only sound heard in the land was a prolonged sigh of relief in both Houses of Parliament. The Lords had obligingly put the boot in.

Must it all wait now for the memoirs, and the eventual release of the Cabinet papers? Few people who read Mr Bailey's book will believe that it should. If the new Select Committees of the House of Commons are to play their proper role they should see to it that no such prolonged saga of deception occurs again. But the first inquiry for the new Select Committee on Foreign Affairs ought to be taken up at the point where Bingham left off. Nothing less will replenish the tarnished reputation of a system which holds that governments are accountable to Parliament, but lets them practice so mock the theory.

Blake Morrison

Making Tracks

The Facts in the Case of E. A. Poe by ANDREW SINCLAIR *Weidenfeld* £5.50

Sleeps Six and Other Stories by FREDERIC RAPHAEL *Cape* £3.95

The Head in the Soup by PETER LEVI *Constable* £4.95

The idea of someone idolising or being taken over by a dead author is not an unusual one in fiction. The post-1945 campus novel has had more than its fair share of undergraduates who affect the mannerisms of Romantic poets and of lecturers who preach with messianic fervour the ideas of their favourite literary giant. Only recently, in Bernard Malamud's *Dubin's Lives*, we were treated to the spectacle of yet another university academic obsessed with D. H. Lawrence; and so long as

university English departments treat their major authors as heroes this fictional trend can be expected to continue. Still, there can hardly have been a more demonic possession than that which afflicts Ernest Albert Pons, the central figure in Andrew Sinclair's new novel. Pons, a publisher's reader rather than an academic, has not only devoured every word written by Edgar Allan Poe, he believes in his more extreme moments that he actually is Poe – Poe, that is, reborn in the 20th century.

It sounds like a case for the psychiatrist, and Pons does indeed consult a psychiatrist called Dupin, choosing him not because of any professional reputation, but because he is the namesake of Poe's detective in *The Murders in the Rue Morgue* (just as Pons bears the same initials as his beloved master). Dupin sees his job as that of making his client realise that Pons and Poe are different people: for this purpose he sends Pons off on a literary pilgrimage across America and even over to England (where Poe spent five years), in the hope that Pons will gradually shed his *doppelgänger* and 'know himself'. But Pons believes he is outwitting Dupin: 'He thought I would discover the differences between Poe and Pons. Fool! I would find more correspondences.' And that in a sense is what happens: Pons's obsession with Poe never abates, and only just before his dramatic and suitably ghoulish death does he acknowledge 'I am not as he'.

Andrew Sinclair has always believed in the need to get close to his subjects or characters: when writing *Gog* he roughed it near Hadrian's Wall just as his protagonist had to; and in his 1977 study *Jack* he spoke of the 'passion' which Jack London had inspired in him. *The Facts in the Case of E. A. Poe* is part novel, part biography, but above all an investigation of the whole question of 'entering into' the lives of others. There are some narrative elements – Pons receiving a valentine, travelling, visiting a brother – but they are kept to a minimum. There are long passages which read simply as a life-history of Poe (even a bibliography is included). There is also a tricky device at the end with Andrew Sinclair supplying 'editorial notes' purportedly given to him by Dupin, but in fact functioning as a kind of defence of the book's unconventional procedures. What are the differences between fiction, biography and autobiography? Where does the writer end and his subject begin? What is the relationship between the living and the dead, between present and past? These, Sinclair suggests, are the questions he had tried to set himself when starting out on his book.

An ambitious novel, then, but not one that readily endears itself. You can see how its faults follow automatically from its designs. The schizophrenic structure is inevitable given the disturbed central character, the interest in dual personalities, and the biography/fiction division. The meagre information about Pons's history and character reflects his subordination to his idol's history and character. But these allowances can't prevent it from seeming a mechanical working-out of a half-baked idea, and for anyone not fully conversant with Poe's life and work, this is a hard, unrewarding and at times painfully boring novel to have to read. Worst of all, perhaps, is Sinclair's attempt to comment on the connections between Poe and our own times; in practice this means little more than vague

references to horror films, psychoanalysis and the death of 6,000,000 Jews.

Writers so consistently interested in social manners as Frederic Raphael are usually called 'class conscious'. What's special about Raphael is that he is conscious only of the middle class – in fact, only of the middle class couple. You need read no further than the opening sentences of Raphael's stories to discover that his abiding preoccupation is the coming together of the bourgeois he and she: 'When they first met, leaning on the saline rail of a winter steamer, she had no English'; 'They had, by chance, had rooms on the same staircase during their last year at the university'; 'They worked for the same newspaper. She helped to edit the fashion pages; he was an erstwhile lawyer'; '"Strange things, honeymoons," he said to her in the limousine on the way to the airport'. And before very long the different couples in the 17 stories here have merged into the couple – the glossy, colour-supplement version of coupledom which Raphael invariably goes in for: they met at university where he took a brilliant First and she a creditable Second; they live in Islington and holiday in the South of France; they have successful careers, he in television and she (before the arrival of children) in publishing; they are deeply devoted to one another, but the success of the marriage partly depends on one having an affair which the other can voyeuristically get off on; they are bland and tiresome, but then (so the invitation to complicity runs) aren't we all?

Raphael has gone over this ground so often now, and with such assurance, that he's begun to look self-parodying. He was always indulgent towards his creations (his satirical jabs about as vicious as syrup), and now the saccharine has crept into his much-acclaimed wit: 'Frost still made mountainous birthday cakes out of molehills in the meadows.' There are good moments here in the title story and in two or three of the minimalist narratives where Raphael moves into unfamiliar territory. But at the end one is left feeling as empty as the unnamed subject of his story 'Benchmark': it all looks very accomplished, but a severe judgment would probably find that there's nothing much there.

Peter Levi's debut as a thriller writer has many of the elements we'd expect from a poet and don – impressive descriptions of landscape, a good poetic name for his archaeologist hero (Ben – you've guessed it – Jonson), and some donnish epigrams: 'Lunch in an old-fashioned college is like a family Christmas where all the guests have stayed too long, and the hosts have retired to bed and left them to it.' For a time it looks as if Levi is going to focus on Oxford much as Edmund Crispin did in his novels featuring Gervase Fen, but contemporary thrillers usually prefer to cast a wider net, and Jonson is soon sent darting about the globe (Paris, Geneva, Rome, Crete) in search of lost treasure. There's a rather implausible dragging-in of just about every political group going (the CIA makes its compulsory appearance, and in there too are the Israelis and Arabs, Fascists and Communists, and various secret police bodies); but this is the Greece of the Colonels in 1972 and political wheeling-and-dealing is certainly afoot. It's no great shakes as a thriller but Levi knows at least some of the tricks of the trade (his handling of Jonson, Grimble and the photographs is particularly well done) and keeps the pace up to the end.

ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

Julian Barnes

The Lunar Open

I should have guessed. Three weeks away from this column and it all starts happening. Anna Ford's engagement. Esther's second pregnancy. And teeth showering down like porcelain confetti from the mouths of news-readers. The first two I can live with – besides, I half expected Esther to call a news conference about something or other while I was away. But Kendall's tumbling molar was a real blow. I caught up with it in a two-day-old newspaper on the plane back from Romania (where I was engaged on a field study of Televiziunea Romana intended to bring a little weight to this column in coming weeks), and it suddenly struck me that in decades of diligent viewing I've missed all the famous cock-ups. Angela's earring. Peter Woods's 'sinus trouble'. And now Kendall's dancing dentures. In the old days, I missed Charlie Drake being crushed by scenery. I was too young for the Dimbleby Spaghetti Harvest hoax, too untipped-off for the Goldsmith walk-out. I just simply wasn't there when Gilbert Harding blubbed, nor when Danny Blanchflower cooled the Andrews blarney. If I were American I'm sure I'd have missed Jackie Gleason breaking a leg, that nutrition expert dropping dead on the Dick Cavett Show, and the Florida talk-show hostess shooting herself on screen.

Who is it that actually gets to see these famous telly-moments, which pass so securely into modern folk history that we all end up talking about them as if we'd watched ourselves? In twenty years' viewing all I can honestly boast of is the sight of Bernard Levin being bowled over on *TW3*. For some reason, though, I find that I own a gramophone record which includes a track of the Spaghetti Harvest number ('The Voice of Richard Dimbleby' – doubtless long deleted). It would surely be a useful service for the BBC, as a public corporation, to issue a videocassette of all the great cock-ups, hoaxes, fluffs, crises and impromptus which they keep locked away in their archives.

One or two of them could well come from the enormous footage produced by the Apollo space programme. As the commander of Apollo IX put it during *The Other Side of the Moon* (BBC-2), 'We had 40 or 50 major failures on every Apollo flight, including the last one.' If the unschooled viewer couldn't tell at the time, this was largely because of the restrained language used by the astronauts. When the cack-footed moon-walker on one mission booted to pieces a heat-flow experiment, he exclaimed, in best Angela Brazil fashion, 'Oh, rats'; while the grandest – and, as one now sees, the most heroic – understatement of all came when Apollo XIII exploded, lost half its oxygen and power, and nearly wailed off terminally into deep space. 'Houston,' came the voice from out there, 'We have a problem.'

James Burke was the presenter of the two BBC programmes commemorating the day

Neil Armstrong left his print in the dust and uttered one small phrase for man. Apart from a Burkish moment in *The Men Who Walked on the Moon* (BBC-1), when he fired a flare into the air to prove to all us watching goons that 'What goes up must come down' (tell that to Apollo XIII), James was in extraordinarily communicative form. His conversation with six of the men who have left their yeti tracks on the lunar surface was an instructive and charming encounter, correcting the successive false impressions we've been given of the astronauts. The first version had it that they were a bunch of well-adjusted all-American short-hairs who only put their hands in their pockets to get out their handkerchiefs; the second had it that they were unfeeling automata who, when exposed to the visual evidence that the Earth was just a ball of mud spinning in space, had blown all their fuses and turned into Bible-punching albies.

Not so. The astronauts behaved remarkably like any other reunited social group who had once shared a formative experience – a sports team, a scout camp, going to the moon – and were now successful in different spheres. They yarned; they joshed; they made light of past dangers. Al Shepard (who now sells beer) and Jim Lovell talked with wry detachment about the creaky selection procedure for space. Their medical tests included, of all things, a sperm count (never let it be said that Uncle Sam sent sterile men to the moon); while Lovell recalled how the second batch of astronauts had fiddled their Rorschach tests: they all pretended to see voluptuous female forms in the random blots, so that the project's shrinks would put them down as red-blooded and hyper-normal.

And then, of course, we came to That Question. You know, the one you *really* want to know the answer to when you imagine what it's like to be cooped up in a capsule for a fortnight: what do you do about . . . you know, *that*. Don't blush, you're in good (or at least numerous) company: the astronauts confirmed that 'that's the most common asked question we had'. And for five or so minutes, they told us the answer in detail made even more hilarious by the playful evasions of their language. 'We have this very simple what we call bag,' began a twinkly Jim Lovell, holding up a long polythene bag. The open end was lined with sticky tape by which it could be attached to the what we call flesh – not pleasant, apparently, for the peltier spacemen. The kit came with a free wet-wipe and a bag of bacteria-killing chemicals with which . . . well, I'll spare you that bit. The really tricky aspect, however, if you think about it, is that, with zero gravity, what gets bagged doesn't necessarily stay bagged. You can imagine. If you can't imagine, let Charles Duke explain: detaching the sticky tape from the body was an exceedingly delicate business, 'particularly if the Number Two is free-floating. That's when you run the risk of

Number Two hitting the fan.'

Burke's two programmes were enriched by a chuckling human dimension, as they were by their treatment of Project Apollo's failures and near-misses. Over on ITV Tony Palmer's *The Space Movie* (soon to be released in the cinema, but I'll spare John Coleman some shoe-leather and ribbon-puncturing typing) was guilelessly untainted by any human element. A patchwork of clips from various missions, it wallowed in open-mouthed wonderment at the technology of it all, while Mike Oldfield's music, tunefulish in an entirely vapid way, backed it up with chugging strings and waa-waa voices and synthesiser whines and the odd Debussyan choir. The pictures, of course, were often stunning: the burning, turning end of a falling first-stage; the moon's surface, so like a huge grey bunker that you kept expecting to see Jack Nicklaus imperiously chipping out in the Lunar Open; the earth-rise shots; the moon's sunlit edge abruptly ending at a pitch-black sky. But even handling such prime material, Palmer managed to Palmerise bits of it: the extended collage of clips of flying refuse at lift-off managed to recall those most boring parts of *Zabriskie Point*; and guess what Palmer did to a sequence of astronauts moon-walking? He speeded it up, so that they ran around like Keystone Cops. Takes brains to come up with an idea like that.

If *The Space Movie* did one thing, though, it reminded you of how much space depended on TV, how non-verbal it all was. If there hadn't been television, would NASA's budget have been approved? And wouldn't it all have caught on in a different, less churning way if it had happened during the radio era? The astronauts weren't poets – we shouldn't have expected them to be – and their comment rarely surpassed the boggling reaction of one unidentified flier in Palmer's film: 'Hey, this is great. Talk about being a spaceman. This is it. But then, the other words about the moon were equally feeble, whether Kennedy's: cheapo rhetoric ('We set sail upon this new sea because there is new knowledge to be gained and new rights to be won' – the 'rights' presumably consisted of Saving Space from the Russians), or Archibald MacLeish's prosily obvious poem quoted from the *New York Times*. The point is, not that NASA should have sent a poet or a journalist along (though one of the new 'Martian' school of poets wouldn't have been a bad idea); but that the pictures themselves are the only language of space: they are their own text, their own metaphor, their own hyperbole, and in time their own cliché.

Inside Story this week came up with a chilling discovery: previously unknown footage of the trial of those who plotted against Hitler in 1944. It was a 'show trial' in the most literal sense: the judge, Roland Freisler, was showing Hitler (who viewed the rushes of the secretly-filmed proceedings) just how good loyal and brutal a judge he was. Haranguing the accused in his high, yapping voice, banging the table, hysterically shrieking 'You miserable base specimen' at defendants, raving a 'slimy liberal Kurfürstendamm pseudo-intellectuals', and looking for sedition in the idlest thought, Freisler rang out 35 years later as the hideously unmodulated voice of Fascism. In all his grotesque mockery of the processes of justice there was not a single smile to be had; Rex Bloomstein's film came across with terrifying power, and left you feeling,

obscurely cheated, even at this late date, that Freisler came to such a quick, clean, inappropriate end as to be killed in a bombing raid.

The inside story from Yorkshire this week, *The Brontë Connection*, purported to 'solve' *Wuthering Heights*. Mary Butterfield, a local archive-digger, turned up among the papers of the Heaton family of Ponden Hall various 'parallels' between the Heathcliff/Earnshaw story and an earlier, real-life inheritance struggle during the Civil War. 'These papers', began Mrs Butterfield, who first read *Wuthering Heights* three years ago, 'picked over by experts - why hadn't they found what I found in them?' Well, perhaps because 'experts', with all their maiming faults, don't always start with the 'parallel fallacy' so firmly imprinted in their minds; indeed, many of them even retain a rough-and-ready belief that fiction is primarily what it calls itself - fiction. Since no 'experts' were called by this prettily photographed programme, you couldn't really tell whether or not Mrs Butterfield's 'findings' were, as they seemed, merely part of the great British tradition of amateur pottiness. Certainly, though, if she doesn't want us all to retreat into a vast carelessness, she'd better brush up her style of argument. The library at Ponden Hall, we were told, was stuffed with 'Restoration pornography' (whatever that means), and Emily 'must have' read it. Why? Well, 'after all, *Wuthering Heights* is a pretty sexy book for a Victorian parson's daughter.' A bizarre reformulation of La Rochefoucauld: there are some people who would not have heard of sex if they hadn't first read about it in books.

Television - 2

Eric Paice

Costumed

If anyone out there in Proxima Centauri has been monitoring British Television drama as a guide to changing patterns in our society he must have been scratching his little green head in confusion over the past three years. Switching anywhere across the channels he might be forgiven for thinking that the UK has undergone a peculiar time slip. Edwardian ladies flirt outrageously with young men in blazers, respectful servant girls flit in and out of drawing rooms while outside on the carriage sweep, the landau awaits.

Perhaps, with a combination of the Thatcher Government and the oil famine, British society will actually be like that soon and the TV networks are, for once, ahead of the game. But drama chiefs are not that smart. What they appear to have decided is that life in Britain in the late Seventies is either too horrid or too boring to provide nourishment for the electronic theatre any longer. Increasingly, the drama output is derived from the adaptation of 19th- or early 20th-century novels.

A glance at the output in the late Sixties highlights the contrast. The last three months of 1965 alone yielded 75 one-off plays and more than a dozen series and serials dealing with issues of the day. And this was only on

the commercial channel! Series like *The Power Game* and *The Planemakers* may not have told the whole truth about industrial and political life but they did at least recognise that mainstream drama was not only worth recording as a valuable social document, but popular. There was always at least one single play in the top ten ratings and a series was considered a failure if it didn't clock up an audience of somewhere between 12 and 15 million.

Today, the BBC thinks it is doing well if it hits five million for an adaptation of a minor - or, in many cases, even a major classic novel. The critically acclaimed adaptation of the Howard Spring novel *My Son, My Son* wavered unsteadily between two and three million on BBC-1. Ironically, the show that followed it in the same slot, N. J. Crisp's saga of the decline of the middle classes under socialism, *A Family Affair*, doubled this figure, but still has had its second series cancelled for lack of ratings. It seems to be the programme controllers who are hung up on the nostalgia boom, not the viewers. Which is not to say that the classic novels don't have their place in the schedules, or that the programme makers don't have a duty to bring the nation's literary heritage before a new public, but with many of them being adapted for the second or third time, we are now faced with a considerable historical overkill which is crowding contemporary drama off the air.

And costume drama doesn't come cheap. The wardrobe budget alone on a 50-minute episode is now topping £12,000 - seven times the fee paid to the writer for the script. With the BBC starved of licence money, this should now be a major consideration, but they plod on through the historical romances regardless of cost. For there is a great deal more to come. A spot check on half-a-dozen of my colleagues who previously specialised in contemporary drama revealed that five had recently been commissioned to adapt period novels; the sixth was out of work. All were agreed on one thing - there just isn't much else around.

Part of the reason lies in the upper management structure of television itself. Both channels are now run almost entirely by ex-News or Current Affairs men, and at the heart of any telly journalist's philosophy must lie the belief that excursions into the structure of modern society are the true province of the documentary feature. Why seek conflict and contrive reality through the dramatist's artifice when a sharp reporter can drag it out of real live people? Exposé journalism tends to become the substitute for dramatic fiction. The fact that real live people also act in front of cameras and tend to conceal more than they reveal merely stimulates the journalist to get in tighter, treat them rougher.

Although today's journalist-trained top telly executives occasionally pay lip-service to the ability of drama, even bad drama, to penetrate deeper into the real world than the most abrasive documentary feature, they are not quite sure how it happens and so remain vaguely puzzled. On the other hand, they do know it can cause trouble and upset people. Staff producers and in-house story editors can usually be relied upon to render the contemporary drama series fairly harmless long before it hits the screen, but more and more directors these days are freelance. A combination of freelance director and freelance writer can sneak dangerous thoughts on to the air

despite the tightest editorial control. In the Age of Whitehouse it is safer to turn to the past where necklines were high, society language inoffensive and controversial political and social issues long dead.

But editorial timidity is not the only reason for the costume cavalcade. The success of programmes like the Beeb's *Elizabeth R* and *Henry VIII* on the US Public Service Network was followed by a similar breakthrough by the commercial stations with *Upstairs, Downstairs* and the spate of colourful adventures of our miscreant monarchs that followed it across the Atlantic. The sales message came across loud and clear. Britain's most marketable telly export to an American public jaded by Los Angeles cop shows is its class system, revived from the pages of history when the issues were simply denied. Who in the States is going to get excited about series set amongst Sheffield steelworkers or the inside workings of the trades union movement when the scandals of Edward VIII are available? Rapidly the American networks also got the message that when modern society is undergoing a period of change and unrest; only history is safe. Soon they were delving deeply into their own with *Roots* and *Centennial*. And since the traffic is two-way, the British viewer is now not only saturated with our own costume drama, but with American costume drama as well.

And with the booming trend came the money. In order to finance escapist products for the American market, the BBC was obliged to go to the US nets for the front money. They were now caught in a vicious circle. To finance the costume drama to feed the American market they needed more and more dollars to make more and more expensive products. The recently aborted series on Lady Astor was costed out at a quarter-of-a-million pounds per episode. Little wonder that the Beeb seized on the excuse of a dispute with Equity over foreign artistes to get themselves off the hook. But *Prince Regent*, almost as expensive and equally designed for American tastes, still goes ahead.

Shaun Sutton, the Beeb's soon-to-be-retired Head of Drama Group, still stoutly maintains that they would have made this type of product anyway, irrespective of the American demand, but he appears to be the only one in the building under this illusion. As every manufacturer in other aspects of industry knows, once a major customer starts feeding money into the production process, freedom of choice goes by the board. The product has to fit the market.

As though to isolate the Beeb's dilemma still further, the major commercial stations, who have also been topping up their already swollen funds with overseas money, have recently started to shy away. They now reckon that the price of selling out the distribution rights in exchange for the front money is too high. They also have the renewal of their licences to worry about. The IBA, roused from its slumber by the awful responsibility of having to set up the 4th Channel, is starting to show its children a bit of stick. For the past few months, some of the independent contractors, with a weather eye on their slice of the 4th Channel, are beginning to slip contemporary drama back into the schedules. But it is likely to prove a false dawn. Once the licences are allocated, experience proves they slide back into whatever programme pattern brings the most money with the least effort. As

television drama becomes more and more international, its relevance to the native scene diminishes until the networks become little more than electronic newspapers with wistfully nostalgic colour supplements.

Art

John Spurling

Sorry!

**Hayward Annual Hayward
Summer Show 2 Serpentine
Peter de Wint Fitzwilliam, Cambridge,
until 19 August**

Somebody once suggested, at a public discussion of a new play, that there was surely an audience for absolutely anything, if only there were some means of bringing the thing and its ideal audience together. In the Hayward Annual and its regular Summer Shows at the Serpentine, the Arts Council persistently comes up with new selectors and new formulas of selection in a forlorn attempt to appease piecemeal the great audienceless army of artists at its gate. This year's Hayward Annual has been selected by five artists working independently of one another and amounts therefore to five separate mini-exhibitions, each with its self-contained section in the catalogue. What they have in common, at least in the catalogue, is an unusual emphasis on enjoyment and a general recognition – implied in the clearly argued statements of the selectors, the judicious use of critics as front-men and even the occasional note of modesty from the artists – that there might actually be an audience to be considered. This would be something of a breakthrough if it went beyond the catalogue. Unfortunately, except in one section, it doesn't.

Of the four items in the performance/installation section, two were not functioning at the press view. Jim Whiting's *The Business Machine* is a large Heath Robinson construction of scaffolding with motors, wheels and life-size, black-suited dummies. It was animated last week only by the technicians swarming over it; perhaps that was the message. Bruce McLean's *Sorry!*, in the next compartment, is well named – a set without a performer – though the artist is scheduled to appear this week. Upstairs, Tony Sinden's clinical installation of mirrors, folding chairs and looping film projectors and Genesis P-Orridge's three desultory scrap-books are evidently intended to involve an audience, but offer little incentive. 'These books are here most of all simply because I like them,' say P-Orridge with truculent *faux-naïveté*. It would be hard to think of any other reason.

The section devoted to representational figure-painting is split between the grossly-painted and the meagrely-painted and represents little but the bankruptcy proceedings of several well-established old firms: Impressionism, Expressionism, Camden Town and Euston Road. The adjoining section of photographic artists inevitably includes Richard Long and Victor Burgin as well as Gilbert and

George, John Stezaker and Hamish Fulton. All five take a tourist's-eye view of the world, with arty trimmings. Long and Fulton show photographs of walks in deserted spots, embellished with evocative titles; Stezaker cuts up and reassembles stills from a Hitchcock film; Victor Burgin has been to Berlin and noticed that it is a city of contrasts; Gilbert and George contrast photographs of themselves as trim nonentities with various untidy, emotional issues of our time, such as communism, immigration, homosexuality and employment. Their technique is based on the GPO's discovery that you can get pictures on to British stamps if you reduce the Queen's head to a silhouette in one corner. There seems now no limit to the burning issues G and G can share with themselves and us.

It is a pity that Nicholas Pope, the selector of the sculpture section, failed to include any of his own work. He is a witty and delicate artist in a minor vein, whereas three of the four sculptors he has chosen are peculiarly obsessed with the clumsy lumpishness of their materials (rusty steel, bronze, ceramic and wax). The fourth, Garth Evans, is perhaps the link: his wittily clumsy effects are achieved by doggedly intricate means.

The enjoyable section of the show is to be found on the mezzanine floor, where James Faure Walker has assembled five abstract artists, including himself, in an energetic display of the traditional virtues of paint and brushwork. Of the five, all associated with the magazine *Artscribe*, the most impressive are Gary Wragg and William Henderson, the one an athletic, prodigal action-painter on a grand scale, the other a powerful colourist, whose effects are like neon on velvet. But if the remaining three still look comparatively unfledged – controlled by rather than controlling their heterogeneous influences – the group as a whole points up the timidity and aridity of the rest of the exhibition.

The Serpentine's Summer Show 2 was selected from an open entry by a committee of four. The show inaugurates an excellent new Arts Council scheme for financing private purchases, the artist being paid immediately and the buyer settling in instalments over a year, and includes a great many small, enjoyable and reasonably priced things; especially David Walker-Barker's dense, miniature watercolours of rock formations, standing stones and atmospheric skylines, David Hodgkinson's acrylic monochromes of Cheshire and Geoff Rigden's black linear watercolours of Cyprus. If the scheme works well it ought to make artists more aware of their audience and perhaps even gradually restore both parties to a sense of being wanted by the other. Good-bye, then, surely, to the large rusty steel sculptures of which there are two practitioners in this show and which for ubiquity and tedium must be the contemporary equivalent of statues of Queen Victoria.

Peter de Wint, according to his wife, was often to be heard exclaiming: 'I do so love painting. I am never so happy as when looking at nature. Mine is a beautiful profession'. His paintings may not be in the top class, with Turner's, Constable's or Cotman's, but no one should miss the travelling show (it visits in turn Southampton, Stoke, Nottingham and Bolton), which brings together many of his best watercolours. The enjoyment of both painting and nature shines out of them, especially in the surprisingly strong colours and the sense of the earth's solidity. De Wint is not

much interested in skies and not much good at conventionally picturesque views on a large scale, but in front of nature at its least composed and, one would have thought, most ordinary – a tract of moorland, the heavily wooded valley of the Thames, a bit of pond and some trees beside a track – he makes you feel almost that you were yourself the painter and shared the beauty of his profession.

Sport

Russell Davies

Roughing it

Either my television set is full of fluff, or Mr Peter Alliss was suffering from a cold in the head at the Open this year. But even allowing for a particularly brutal and unseasonal rheum, I thought his comments more sparing of enthusiasm than usual, and this I take to be confirmation of my own impression that the Lytham Open was a non-vintage event. The final round should have been a tense duel between the striding, swiping Ballesteros and the unforthcoming Irwin. Irwin's spectacles, concentration and compactness of stroke invariably cast him as the weaselly, calculating swot of the circuit; and when Ballesteros is around, lashing the ball from clearing to clearing through the jungle of ambition, the contrast is almost comical. Irwin could not look more like the Evil Scientist if he played round in a white coat with smoke coming out of his ears.

So it was a great disappointment when science failed Irwin at Lytham, leaving Ballesteros nothing much to beat; and almost equally unsatisfactory when Ballesteros' celebration thrashes at the last couple of holes: went unpunished by the rule-book. I am all for giving the Americans 'real' conditions to play in – since they seldom play on anything but glorified gardens at home, it's only right they should have to get to grips with a few rank weeds over here – but I felt very sorry for the lot of them when Ballesteros's bizarre thrashy hook into the car-park was held to have remained technically within bounds. It is a champion's business, I dare say, to know where he can afford to stray and where not; but a lot of my sympathy, just the same, goes with those players (so many of them Americans) whose lifelong effort has been devoted to the eradication of such horrible shots from their game, and who expect to be punished for perpetrating them.

Against all that, it must be said that the fac Ballesteros came first saved the Tournament. Everyone seems pleased that a big title has been won by a man who gives the ball a terrible wayward clout (leaving the club whirling above his head like a sprained anemometer) and then rescues himself delicately from the resulting catastrophe. This is, after all precisely the pattern followed by the average healthy amateur on his lucky days, and it must be wonderful for amateurs everywhere to see their 'method' sanctified in championship play. And wonderful not only for the amateur player, but for the professional observer too. I had not realised until this week what a longin

there has been in the game for a break in the stranglehold of grim, percentage golf. But during the gaps in the Lytham action – such as the ones in which Ken Brown seemed to be comparing blades of grass – I worked my way through another of the summer's books, *The Best of Henry Longhurst* (Collins £4.95), and derived the distinct impression that for one correspondent at least, the 'modern game' had come to be played by too-strong, too-straight spoilsports. Nicklaus is treated with courtesy in Longhurst's pages, but his name rarely occurs (admittedly, most of the mentions date from the Sixties, when Nicklaus was fat and sinister, not 'golden' and mellow as now) except to illustrate how giant strength and slightly tedious determination have 'reduced' certain fabled courses to pitch-and-putt level. Among modern heroes, Longhurst had much the most time for Palmer – similarly strong, but in an endearingly self-destructive, overbold way. It is a shame this writer did not survive to chronicle the heyday of Ballesteros, for high emotion and impetuosity (leading to swashed drives and buckled bonnets in the car-park) appealed to Longhurst more than high achievement and the buttoned lip.

The open book proved in the end more interesting than the Open Tournament, though I advise NS readers to approach it in one of their more irresponsible moods. Longhurst was manifestly a hedonist, and, in a kindly way, a snob; grateful for his good fortune, he was not prepared to go further into the matter than that. Co-editor Mark Wilson in his Introduction quotes a tribute to Longhurst from Peter Alliss, which happens to include the following: 'I am aware that he may well have prolonged to a different era, the days of "send a gunboat up the river, give 'em a good flogging, Rhodesia for the whites"', but I for one am glad he wasn't born 50 years earlier . . .'. Whether Alliss was drawing an instant caricature of Longhurst's generation as a whole, or hinting that there was a less amusing Longhurst, *The Worst Of Whom* we must be grateful to have been spared, I don't know. I simply suggest that the redder the reader, the less likely he is happily to enjoy this world of anecdote, where pleasures are taken with a certain implacable relish.

On the other hand, any admirer of P. G. Wodehouse will marvel at the extent to which Longhurst seems to have succeeded in recreating around himself, throughout life, the circumstances which originally appertained to Bertie Wooster. From the earliest snippets in the book, recollections of Cambridge where H.L. shared digs with Prince Alex Mdivani, to almost the last, 'Golf Gives Me Up', where something reminds him 'of my friend and neighbour Tubby Ionides, who incidentally won the Grand National Irish Sweep on Sunday', our man lives in a perpetual intoxication of good fortune, good living and good company – or, if you will, irresponsibility and nobs. His memoir of the fatuously rich Viscount Castlerosse calls forth the best/worst of him in these respects. Castlerosse is far more appalling than Longhurst wants to admit, but the piece is very funny. In fact, life is very funny. In an exhibition match at Langley Park, Longhurst's ball once brained a bystander. 'We remain on cordial terms and I still take out the golfers' insurance which he sold me while in the hospital.' For more of the same, for irreplaceable sketches of Hogan, Hagen, Jones, Compston and others (like Lord Brabazon, who accused the Archbishop

of Canterbury of talking through his mitre), the book is a bargain. In 20 years' time – by the end of Ballesteros's playing career, even – most of what happens in it will seem as batty and archaic as table-legs with skirts on.

Theatre

Benedict Nightingale

Bright Side

And a Nightingale Sang by C. P. TAYLOR
Queens

A Life in the Theatre by DAVID MAMET *Open Space*

C. P. Taylor is a Glaswegian Jew of East European origins who got his English surname for the same reason one of his father's fellow-refugees apparently decided to call himself Dentist – because it was the family trade; and, as you might expect, he is a variegated, unpredictable writer, too. He thinks of himself as a revolutionary socialist; yet the best of his plays are wry, jabbing satires directed at the pottier foibles of leftist enlightenment. So no one should be surprised that his latest effort tackles as public a subject as any presently available to a politically alert dramatist and then proceeds to exploit it in a wilfully, almost truculently private way. To the Hare of *Plenty* or the Brenton of *The Churchill Play* the last war is important evidence when it comes to chronicling the demoralisation and impending collapse of what, for want of a nastier word, we'll call British civilisation: to the Taylor of *And a Nightingale Sang* it is hardly more than a convenient context for a quaint little variation on the tale of the ugly duckling or of the frog who was really a princess.

This very character, a girl whom a wonky leg, a sexy sister and a natural diffidence have drained of all emotional expectation, limps to the front of the stage right at the start and warns us what is coming. Her family barely noticed the war, she says, it was so busy sorting out its own problems. For all he means to these people, Hitler might be the name of an outré Bavarian dance, and Churchill, so far as I could hear, is never once mentioned. True, the bombs fall disagreeably close to the Newcastle terrace in which they live; but the only dramatic effect of that is a scene of some hilarity in the Anderson shelter, with the pet-obsessed grandfather wrangling with his officious ARP son-in-law over the baby's gas-mask he has snatched for his cat, the Catholic mother fussing impotently about the safety of the local priests, and the younger of her daughters endlessly bickering with the squaddie she has over-hastily wed. True, the married man who falls for the crippled girl is a soldier, too; but, for all the fighting he does, he might as well be a salesman, a lorry driver, or any other civilian with the dramatic licence to travel far from home. VE Day, which ends the play, is an occasion not so much for a patriotic knees-up as for a sort of close-of-term report on the family's progress to date: the flashy and promiscuous sister is rapidly becoming a dreary, conformist wife; the self-effacing and

apologetic one, though rejected by her lover, has acquired independence, assurance, even a little glamour.

The play's good-natured optimism, like its uninterest in matters martial and macropolitical, might have been designed to exasperate some of my fellow-critics, and they have been duly exasperated. Taylor stands accused of being cosy, nostalgic, irresponsible. More specifically, he should have put the communism to which the father converts at the play's end into conflict with the wife's catholicism, instead of passing both beliefs off as personal quirks, examples of congenital self-importance or mawkishness. This is the prosecution case: against which a defence counsel would presumably cite high-calibre writing, unsentimental acting, and a theatrical tradition, running from O'Casey to Behan and beyond, which has long taken perverse pleasure in pointing out the egos behind the isms, the private weaknesses within the public postures.

My own internal jury-room remains undecided, its instinctive sympathies rather more with Taylor than severity suggests they should be. And isn't there much to admire? The characterisation is affectionate yet sly, sceptical; the north-eastern argot has been scrupulously recorded and lovingly stitched together; and Mike Ockrent's cast, with Gemma Jones at her most sweetly straightforward as the unpretentious, unselfpitying protagonist, survived some nervous opening moments to leave a sum impression subtler than caricature, solidier than whimsy, and altogether more truthful than a bald paraphrase of the story would lead anyone to expect. For these people the war was a time mainly spent solving the emotional puzzles they had set one another, as no doubt it was for very many others. They simply went about the business that most mattered to them – and why not? They survived, as most of their compatriots did, and some of the survivors were in better shape in 1945 than in 1939. Their war may not have been Brenton's or Hare's war, or Charles Wood's or Stephen Lowe's, or the war as most of our contemporaries interpret it; but it, too, may perhaps be counted part of the overall evidence.

David Mamet's *Life* also involves emotional change, this time of two actors sharing a dressing-room in what, to judge by the sampler we're given of its offerings, is a theatre old-fashioned to the point of self-parody. Elderly Robert, who begins the play dispensing lofty and somewhat paranoid advice, finishes it pathetically dependent and suicidally self-doubting. Young John, shy and gauche at the start, has become dauntingly self-reliant by an ending that, for him, is clearly just another staging-post on the trail to Hollywood or Broadway. The result isn't as thinly schematic as it may sound, thanks largely to nice performances from Patrick Ryecart and (especially) Freddie Jones, our theatre's leading expert in the art of doleful disintegration. Nor does style swamp content, the lilt of the characters' conversation distract one from the characters themselves: the fault of Mamet's earlier work.

Yet there's no point pretending that this is another *American Buffalo*. It is funny, sometimes very funny, but over-dependent on easy burlesque and the kind of onstage embarrassment that provides every old trouser with his armoury of anecdotes. Less time spent laughing at collapsing props, burst fly-buttons

and agonising dries might have meant more time for the ins and outs, ups and downs, of the central relationship. Also, wouldn't Mamet have done better to avoid sending up the relics of sardoodledum and concentrate his satiric sights on Albee, Williams, Rabe or his other contemporaries?

Films

John Coleman

Fishy

Four Nights of a Dreamer (AA) *Camden Plaza*

Eagle's Wing (A) *Prince Charles*

Buck Rogers in the 25th Century (A) *Ritz*

Porridge (A) *Classic, Oxford Street; Scene; ABCs Bayswater, Fulham and Edgware Roads*

In 1957, Luchino Visconti took a story by Dostoevsky and fairly rang its chimes. *Le Notti Bianche*, or *White Nights*, was translated from St Petersburg to Leghorn, shot with purposeful theatricality in a studio furnished with canal and bridge, and had Mastroianni as a lonely young man and Maria Schell as the girl he befriends and falls for while she awaits a lover's return after a year's absence. To see a cloaked Jean Marais make a magical late appearance in the snow was to believe in fairies again. This overheated occasion is exhumed from memory's archives because Pam and Andi Engels of Artificial Eye and the Camden Plaza have been fit to give Robert Bresson's 1971 *Four Nights of a Dreamer*, drawn from the same tale, an airing; and the chance for film-buffs to indulge in a spot of compare-and-contrast is surely heaven sent. Bresson, for his second colour film (the first was *A Gentle Creature*, in 1968, updating yet another Dostoevsky story), uses the Pont Neuf and the banks of the Seine; Visconti's down-and-outs are now guitar-strumming hippies; the young man, Jacques (Guillaume des Forêts), becomes a reticent painter with a tape-recorder, and the girl, Marthe (Isabelle Weingarten), a prissy miss in thrall to a lodger departed for America and a fellowship. The first night finds her, shoes off, about to jump in the river. Jacques, first seen apathetically hitchhiking into the city, stops her and what one might call their *faute-de-mieux* relationship begins, as they hesitantly exchange bits of their past.

Marthe's flashbacks are definitely the liveliest material on view. She keeps just missing the lodger (Jean-Maurice Monnayer), though there is some by-play with a lift and she and her mother go to the cinema with tickets provided by him. Here Bresson has the sort of heavy fun indulged in – via a clip from *Benjamin* and a performance of *Hamlet* – in *A Gentle Creature*, only this time the 'dégueulasse' gangster movie Marthe walks out of has been specially made. She complains to Jacques peevishly that it was 'a trap', set by the lodger to pay her back for avoiding him. My complaint to M. Bresson is that his parody-thriller, tucked in to point up his well-certified horror of 'acting' and such

attention-getting vulgarities, is hardly necessary. Once again, in his choice of interpreters and in his absolute control of their motions (and emotions), he has not let himself down: for the most part, they might be sleepwalking. You may recall his dictum, 'Empty the pond to get the fish', presumably intended as a reference to making the context of his people as spare and generalised as possible, actually an awfully sound recipe for ending up with dead *poisson*. But a little life there is, and it comes in a last-minute sexual encounter, the fellow's bags packed for the States, between Marthe and the lodger. For once, Bresson's chill posings pay dividends in eroticism, as the nude couple embrace like statues while Marthe's mother prowls uncertainly round the flat.

Elsewhere, Jacques is so wet as to be embarrassing, polite prey to an exceedingly tedious student-artist who drops in to pontificate about photographed black dots (satirically meant? one doubts it) and given to making up 'Once upon a time . . .' whimsy on his tape-recorder: he is felt as thoroughly deserving it when that returned lodger casually wins out at the close, just as Marthe is felt as a prize bitch. By now, there will be those – should they have read this far – urgent to tell me I have yet again missed the essence of Bresson's procedures: the 'innerness' latent behind the blank faces, the frame-by-frame message to be deciphered in the studied compositions (camera often at belt-level, for instance), the moments of blazing, inexplicable beauty (as when a *bateau mouche* is twice glimpsed at night). My only response is the old one, that Bresson's deliberate demotion of people to his creatures, gentle or otherwise, leaves me cold and growing colder by the second.

Anthony Harvey's *Eagle's Wing* shows signs of having been clipped, which may account for one's sense of jerky and uncertain progression. Mexico, somewhere around the 1830s, and 'in that vast, limitless space, man had one ally – the Horse', as a prefatory voice announces. John Briley's screenplay boils down to the contest between a poeticising ex-infantryman called Pike (Martin Sheen) and a Kiowa Indian, White Bull (Sam Waterston, here admirably fulfilling Leslie Halliwell's description of him as an 'American general purpose actor'), for possession of a superb white stallion. Also in the pot are Harvey Keitel, killed off early, Stéphane Audran as a Mexican widow (who may or may not be no better than she ought), a few galloping Comanches and Mexicans, and the delightful Caroline Langrishe as Judith. Judith is the traditional white woman dragged along by the Indian, old White Bull, on his travels; and whether she does or doesn't succumb to the brave's embraces – he treats her now harshly, now courteously – may well be found on some cutting-room floor. The wide open plains are fine; there is ingenuity in the Indian's leaving a trail of stolen treasure to confound his pursuers; I wish I gave a damn.

Buck Rogers in the 25th Century is an agreeable surprise, coming as it does from much the stable that produced the feeble *Battlestar Galactica*. Directed by Daniel Haller, written by Glen A. Larson (who produced) and Leslie Stevens, it tailors the old 1939 *Buck Rogers* – itself a spin-off from the *Flash Gordon* series – to the tastes of *Star Wars* sophisticates. The hardware serves, but the main attractions are tongue-in-cheek: Gil

Gerard as an invincibly merry and attractive Buck, with a developing line in *double-entendres* ('I've got to go easy on re-entry,' he explains to a lusciously wicked princess, after 500 frozen years); a short robot that goes 'Biddy, biddy, biddy, biddy' and sometimes further; Erin Gray as jealous *Colonel* Wilma, competing for Buck's attentions; and a mad, rocking sequence at a staid galactic ball.

Although an authentic jail, Chelmsford Prison, was available for the inevitable movie version of TV's *Porridge*, the result – directed by Dick Clement and written by him and Ian La Frenais – is frankly gruelling. That it was made in less than a month and on a limited budget is not our concern. The performances are uniformly splendid: Ronnie Barker, Fulton McKay, the lamented Richard Beckinsale (with that special uncloying sweetness), Brian Wilde, Peter Vaughan and Julian Holloway. The plot is undernourished, some affair of a breakout during a football match and Fletcher and Godber then having to break back in, and the good lines few and far between. Maybe the claustrophobia of the little box was more important to *Porridge* than one realised. In the same bill, the same team's *To Russia . . . with Elton*, 40 minutes of the cloth-capped entertainer's tour, with too much on-stage stuff (though seedy, zany Ray Cooper on drums and gongs is super) and not enough Leningrad.

Weekend Competition

No 2576

Set by Perry Neaham

Compose apposite (and we mean that) anagrams of the names of famous painters or composers. Limit of five each. By 10 August.

Result of No 2573

Set by A. Botemar

We asked for examples of horrid parties retailed in overheard dialogue.

Report

By Fat Jeff

Oh, we get it. You sent in so many feeble entries so that we'd think none of you had ever been to a horrid party. Fat chance anyone in the Complex would ever swallow *that*. We know how much grovelling and graft there is around whenever we throw a mild little thrash up here. As soon as word gets out that another Comp Complex knees-up is on its way – even the Grade Two, watered-wine-and-dog-biscuit do's that most of you lot get invited to – we have to cancel PC 49's leave. First it's the bribes, then it's the forged tickets, then it's the whiningly winsome I-think-my-invite-got-lost-in-the-post try-on by a down-at-heel Studio-54 style mob at the door. So don't get grand with us mateys. A miserly six quid this week. Socks-up time again. As for the remaining copies of the Routledge *DBQ*: No Way.

You must have seen it surely. It's on every Christmas. Well look, next time it's on at the NFT I'll give you a buzz. There's this marvellous bit where he's trapped in a cabin surrounded by a blizzard and he eats his boot. He pretends it's food because there is none you see. You must have seen it. He takes out the lace and sort of twirls it around his fork, as though it's spaghetti. And then he does a dance with the bread rolls. Well he doesn't dance. He sticks the forks in and pretends the rolls are feet. Absolutely

marvellous. So graceful. The music hall training you see, you can't get it nowadays. An artist, I mean genuinely. And a seminal film maker. Did you know he was British?

SIDNEY GIDNEY

... read Tom Sharpe's *Wilt*? Incredibly funny, exactly like the real ... secret is to keep stirring, otherwise bits of scrambled egg ... though there is his place selling 2-star at 105p still ... and as for Rinka ... had to put them straight about dactyls and pondees, honestly these CSE courses ... this Private Eye Book Of Bores funniest thing I've ever read ... while Lukacs ... classic bit of Altman where this guy who's a doctor who's been having it away with this maid who looks after Lillian Gish and anyway he says ... I just knew you were Scorpio, I could tell because ... cut down to only 2 ... day yesterday ... not that I ever watch it myself but last week I just happened ... said 'what's a colon?', you should have seen his face turn ... to this new bistro in Station Road ...

BILL GREENWELL

s that your husband in the kitchen? He's a very lucky man, married to someone as attractive as you ... No, seem to be out of Scotch old son. Sweet herry do? ... Surely the point about Milton is that he was blind ... Christ, the Sixties man. I was alive then. I had hair a yard long. I had hair then. God's ruth. 'Go placidly,' that's where I was at. That's where we were all at ... I don't suppose you know anything about semiology? ... I think I love you ... Oh God, I wish you hadn't said that ... I mean, what's it all for? You work. You do your best. I mean, are we supposed to be happy, or what? You now? ... How's the lawn keeping? ... Kirsty, go back to bed at once.

ROY KELLY

... it fails, I think, to develop the notion of hegemony in the full Gramscian sense. Without that it's just any old bourgeois humanism ... No, the read's not very alternative, I'm afraid, but I got his wonderful reduction when I told the baker we were having a charity do ... Vi's doing this fabulous piece situating the domestic labour debate within an Althusserian problematic - using her New Zealand material ... Ho, Comrade, how's your glass position? Time for a refill? ... It's not bad is it? I got his kit from Tesco's - 'scuse the commercial - and

made three plastic dustbinsful ... Sandy, did you get any money off that couple who just came in? We don't organise parties for fun, you know ...

DAVID MORGAN

... think you should know, JC, the bottle's crept in with Thomson, and Henderson's none too reliable after lunch, my loyalty's to you JC - No thanks Fiona, must keep a clear head for the office y'know - so sorry JC, you were saying? ... I sez lookit you dumb broad, git yerass over here pronno or y'all won't make another gardairmed fillum ... 62 miles in 43 minutes squire first on parade in the Dirty Duck bloody nigh harry stinkers before the other Rally bods arrived ... Where bay'n this haise in Hemphshah from a sweet little gnome who *despralleh* fences me ... living with Tarquin and she's in pig again n'no *that's* Fiona n'no in Tramps that cow in mink tits all over the place n'no *that's* Prunella ...

GERRY HAMILL



Tony Miles

Chess

No 142

I rarely play in weekend Swiss type tournaments these days, but for a change I decided to take part in the pretentiously titled World Open - a 10-round Swiss in Philadelphia (I confess the \$5,000 first prize had something to do with it). At two rounds a day and no blitz finishes the schedule seemed almost relaxing by English standards. The three rounds on Saturday always used to shatter me.

Despite dropping a draw in the second round (jet-lag is my feeble excuse) I cruised to 5½/6 without any undue problems, at which point I was sharing the lead with the Rumanian GM Gheorgiu. I had slightly the better of our game but failed to win, so we were joined in the lead by four others. In the eighth round Gheorgiu and I both won, as did the relatively unknown Icelandic Angantysson. The ninth round pairings seemed to make me a gift of the tournament. I had White against Angantysson and Gheorgiu Black against Walter Browne. How-

Philadelphia Story

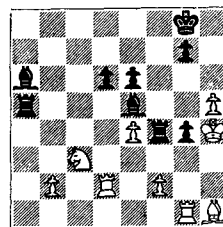
ever, disaster struck: I mishandled a winning position and was brilliantly swindled out of half a point. The other two also drew, but only Arthur Bisguier joined us in the lead.

In the last round caution prevailed with Gheorgiu and I both having Black. The Rumanian, typically, suggested a package deal. After some thought, and with not a little distaste, I took the cowardly course and agreed. This finally resulted in a seven-way tie for first place between the four of us, GM Browne and IMs Zuckerman and Fedorowicz (who beat Quinteros in the final game).

White: J Ostos

Black: A J Miles

1.P-K4, P-QB4; 2.N-KB3, P-K3; 3.P-Q4, PxP; 4.NxP, P-QR3; 5.N-QB3, Q-B2; 6.B-K2, P-QN4; 7. 0-0, B-N2; 8.R-K1? A surprise: My opponent - a Venezuelan IM, incidentally - completely ignores the attack on the KP. 8. ... P-N5; 9.N-R4. I half expected N-Q5? ... B-Q3; 10.P-KB4, BxKP; 11.B-B3, BxB; 12.QxB, N-QB3; 13.N-B5, B-B1? 14.B-K3, N-B3. If 14. ... Q-R4; 15.N-Q4, QxN; 16.P-QN3 and NxN; 15. QR-Q1, R-QN1! 16.N-B5? Falling into my trap. 16. ... R-N4! Suddenly all White's Ns are *en prise*. If Q-B2, N-N5. 17. Q-N3, RxN. 17. ... R-KN1 might be even better, but with my opponent short of time I decided to settle for simple lines. 18.NxPch, K-Q1; 19.Q-R4, BxN; 20.BxR, P-Q4; 21.P-B5, K-Q2; 22.PxPch, PxP; 23.R-KB1. Now White had only seconds left on his clock, so I chose a deliberately messy continuation 23. ... Q-K4; 24.QR-K1, N-K5; 25.R-B7ch, K-B1; 26. Q-N4, R-N1. With the malicious threat of Q-Q5ch White's hand hovered over the board, but before he could find a move his flag fell and he lost on time.



Problem 142

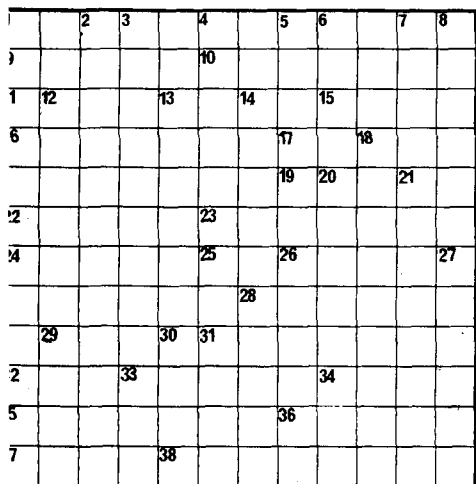
Black to play. How should the game go? Answers to me at the NEW STATESMAN postmarked not later than 8 August.

Solution to Problem 140

1.NxPch, K-N2; 2.N-B5ch, K-N1; 3. R-R8ch! Resigns. On ... KxR (or NxR, Q-N4ch) Q-R5ch mates.

Salamanca 20: 'One In Three'

'RIZES: Book tokens of £2 for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Salamanca 20, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ, by first post 7 August.



Values marked with an asterisk refer wholly or in part to a specific theme. Bar-lines are unnecessary as the grid is symmetrical and lengths are given. On completion of the puzzle solvers are requested to indicate in squares containing S & Z.

ACROSS

- 1 Beach party in which shellfish are cooked, and mutton in a mealy mass (8)
- *6 Ancient verse, somewhat hoary (4).
- 9 Lower deck or cut away upper parts (5).
- *10 The hero (7).
- 11 Tramp - express surprise it's smelly? (4).
- 15 Fish - average take (4).
- 16 Round keel from which come tooting sounds (7).
- *17 Having - turned round head, lose head? (4).
- 22 Shield sailor against hit mostly (5).
- 23 Emperor's son's wife, last character seen in what looks like a boat (7).
- 24 E.g. irrational fear one sea son's provoked (7).
- 26 Go at full speed mostly, with gold in case (5).
- 29 ... that's taken in South latitude - where to bury it? (4).
- *31 Mass of nameless animals perhaps, like that coming from 'the rotting deep'? (7).
- 32 Some shark surrounding vessels (4).
- *34 The missile (4).
- 35 Assemblies of company object about it turning (7).

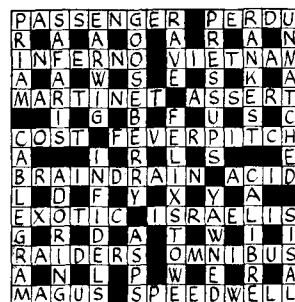
- 36 Ye old fashioned author (5).
- 37 Speed at sea, contradictory say? (4).
- *38 Where the ship was heading? Grippled about long struggle, once listened well perhaps, for contents (8).

DOWN

- 1 Orc, tho' wild, is a follower (6).
- *2 The victim (9).
- 3 Ocean space (when rising) for sinking grapnels initially - these? (8).
- 4 Named correct cure (5).
- 5 Thus QE2's turn out? (4).
- 6 The sort of tide for a burial at sea? (3).
- 7 Only a lake (4).
- 8 Mistakes in book corrected at rear (6).
- *12 'Water, water everywhere' etc., no case for getting drunk? (6).
- 13 Dryden's townswoman to name ship (6).
- 14 Insincere talk of music (4).
- 18 Fruit, sort of rich yam, round one? (9).
- 19 It's a plank of wood that rising floats (6).
- *20 The weapon (8).
- 21 Individual until one's made to conform (6).

- 24 Faced with naval fare, begin to dine (6).
- 25 Such theories miss out (4).
- 27 Lieutenant found in school-girl's embrace given the rope's end? (6).
- 28 One found aboard, a length of fibre (5).
- 29 Vessel thus clad has robust stern (4).
- 30 Original foreigner from the South (4).
- 33 To have direction to perch (3).

Solution to No. 1309



Prizewinners to No 1309

G. W. Wendon (London NW3)
Mrs Molloy (Kirkintilloch)
M. E. Jones (Machynlleth)

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Quarrier's Homes,
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Tel.: Bridge of Weir 612224

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Applications with details of experience and names of two referees to be received by 24 August 1979.

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Telephone: 607 2789 extn 2199.

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If you are interested, please write for further details to Sarah Langton-Lockton at CEH, 126 Albert Street, London NW1 7NF.

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Applicants should have had experience in the field of salary negotiations, while knowledge of teachers' pay and pension arrangements and proven administrative ability would be an advantage.

The person appointed will serve under the General Secretary of the union. Salary £8,955-£9,702 plus £72 per annum supplement and £476 London Allowance.

Further details and application forms may be obtained from The General Secretary, National Union of Teachers, Hamilton House, Mableton Place, London WC1H 9BD, or by telephoning 01-387 2442 ext. 15. Completed application forms should be returned by Friday 18 August 1979.

INTERNATIONAL YEAR OF THE CHILD

GUIDE FOR THE HANDICAPPED SCHOOL LEAVERS



PROJECT OFFICER

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Theatres

LDWYCH THEATRE (Royal Shakespeare Company). 836 6404. Recorded bkg info. 36 5332. 'Antony and Cleopatra' (sold it until 4 August) and John O'Keeffe's 'Wild Oats'. See daily press for dates and times. RSC also at The Warehouse in Pam ems' 'Piaf', David Rudkin's 'Hippolytus'.

HICESTER FESTIVAL THEATRE. 0243 81312. Season sponsored by Martini & Ossi. 'The Importance of Being Earnest' 3 July, 4 Aug. at 2.0. 'The Eagle has Two Heads' 28 July at 7.0. 'The Man Who Came to Dinner' 30, 31 July, 1, 3, 4 Aug. at 0.2 Aug. at 2.0.

RITERION. 930 3216. Mon.-Thurs. evs p.m. Fri. & Sat. 5.30 & 8.30 Ian McKellen, Tom Bell in 'Bent' by Martin Sherman. Directed by Robert Chtwyn.

AMPSTEAD THEATRE. 722 9301. 'Out of Edge', a new comedy by Richard Aris, with Julia McKenzie and Maureen Pman. Mon.-Sat. 8 p.m. Sat. mat. 5 p.m. Jilly air-conditioned.

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Mr Elliot Stern—Social Scientist, Tavistock Institute of Human Relations

Dr Naomi Richman—Senior Lecturer, Institute of Child Health

Ms Tirril Harris—Research Officer, Social Research Unit, Bedford College

Chairman: Lady Juliet Bingley (Chairman of MIND)

Fee: £16 (with reduction for MIND members and groups of six or more).

Application forms and further details from: **The Conference Secretary, MIND (NAMH), 22 Harley Street, London W1N 2ED. Tel: 01-637 0741.**

NATIONAL THEATRE. 928 2252. Prev's of 'As You Like It', 'For Services Rendered', 'The Philanderer'. Last perf's 'Dispatches' (perhaps not suitable for children). See daily press for dates and times or ring recorded information 928 2256.

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CENTRAL LONDON FABIAN SOCIETY. John Roper MP on 'Defence Policy after SALT II'. Wed. 1 Aug. 7.30 p.m. 5 Tavistock Place, WC1. All welcome.

THEOSOPHICAL PSYCHOLOGY: Informal Question/Answer Group. Sundays 8 p.m. S.a.e. pamphlets, book list, programme. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, London W2.

ATCAL: the Association for the Teaching of Caribbean and African Literature holds its second National Conference at the University of Sheffield 14-16 September 1979 to discuss the teaching and practice of literature use in the classroom. (Workshops, texts, authors, discussion groups etc.) For full details contact: Atcal, the Atcal Centre, 38 King Street, London WC2. (01-836 1973 weekdays).

Literary

MATCHLIGHT Poetry Readings, Orangery, Holland Park, W8. The Matchlight Readers (prof. actors). Guest: George Barker + Housman & Tennyson. 9 Aug. 7.15 p.m. £1. 01-352 7409.

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